

64

PAGES

10¢

NO. 15

ALI
BABA

MAGIC TRICKS
PETEY & POP
HELL'S
ANGELS

SPARKLING

STARS

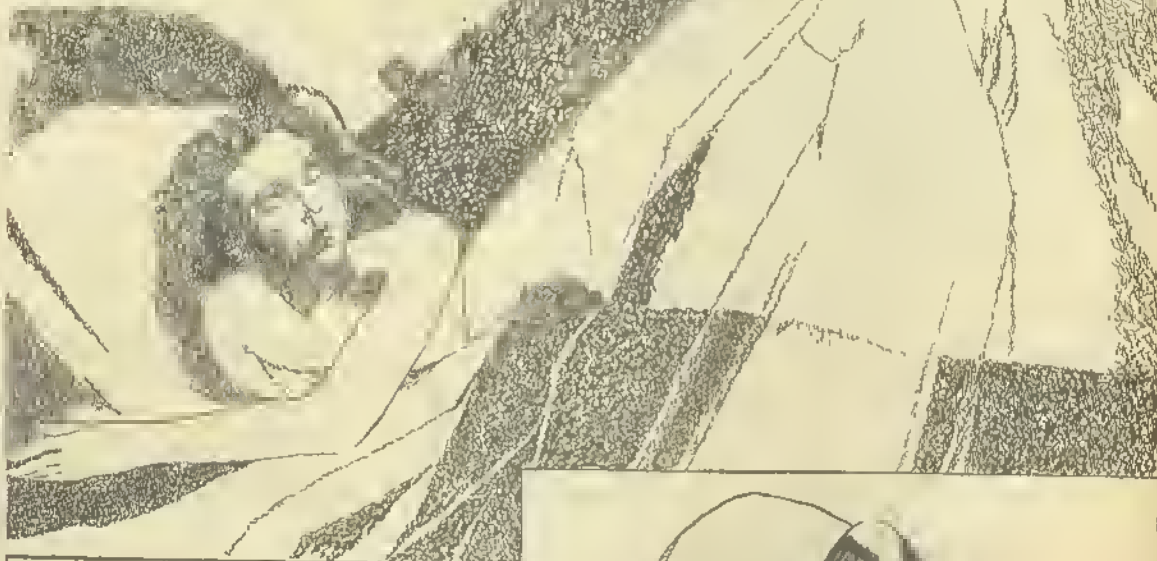
VARIETY FEATURES DETECTIVE · ANIMATION · SPORTS · TRUE



[illegible]

ANYBODY'S GUESS!

SCIENCE VERSUS GHOST
SIR WILLIAM CROOKES WITH
MEDICAL AND SCIENTIFIC FRIENDS
MET FOR TWO YEARS WEEKLY
WITH A FIGURE IN WHITE WHO
CALLED HERSELF "KATIE KING." SHE
APPEARED TO COME FROM A LIVING
GIRL CALLED FLORENCE COOK.
EXAMINATION WAS TAKEN OF THE GHOST—
HER HEIGHT, PULSE, HEART. SHE LIVED
AND BREATHED. SHE WAS ONE-THIRD
THE WEIGHT OF A PERSON OF
THE SAME SIZE. WITH THE DEATH OF
FLORENCE, KATIE KING VANISHED.



NEED \$4,800,000?

THE BRITISH FRIGATE HUSSAR SANK
IN HELL GATE, N.Y. IN 1780 WITH OVER
\$4,800,000 IN GOLD. BUT ONLY A CANNON
BELL AND BONES HAVE BEEN FOUND.



BOBBY

A LITTLE SKYE TERRIER GUARDED THE GRAVE
OF HIS MASTER FOR 14 YEARS—LEAVING ONLY FOR
AN HOUR OR TWO AT A TIME. ONE DAY THEY FOUND
BOBBY DEAD ON HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

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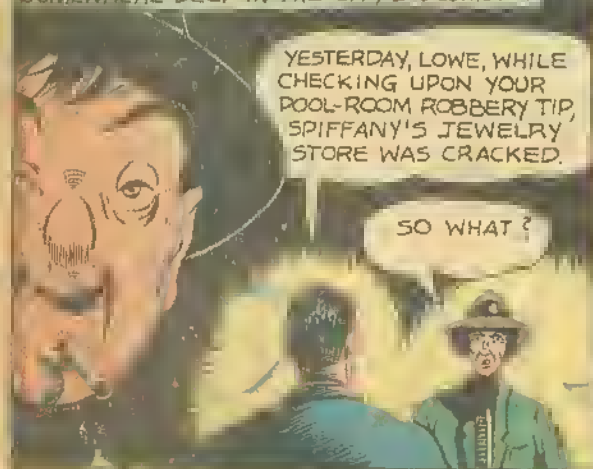
DETECTIVE CLICK HUNT



WHO IS THE ICEMAN?—
COLLECTOR OF MORE THAN A
MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF
STOLEN GEMS? AND IS
DETECTIVE CLICK HUNT REALLY
A PAID MEMBER OF THE
MOB OR THE VICTIM OF A
CRIMINAL PLOT? CLICK HUNT
TURNS FUGITIVE FROM
JUSTICE IN THIS FAST AND
FURIOUS TALE OF
DIAMONDS AND DEATH!



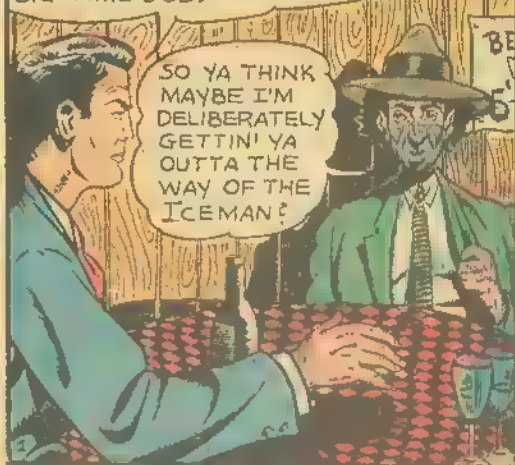
SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE CITY'S SLUMS. . .



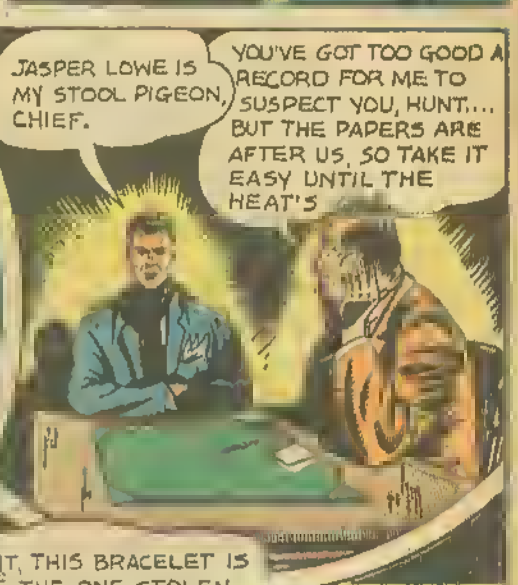
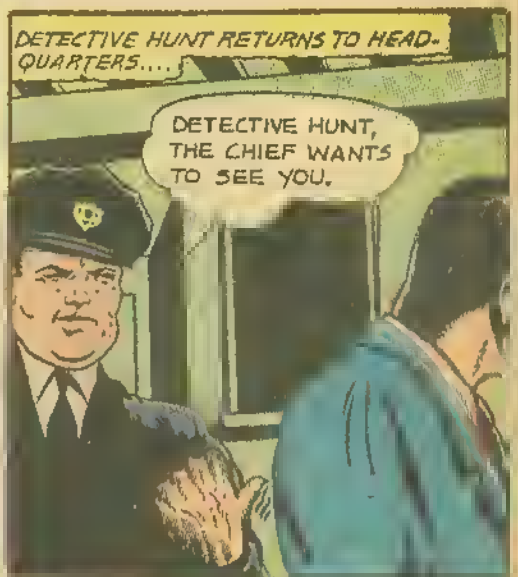
YESTERDAY, LOWE, WHILE
CHECKING UPON YOUR
POOL-ROOM ROBBERY TIP,
SPIFFANY'S JEWELRY
STORE WAS CRACKED.

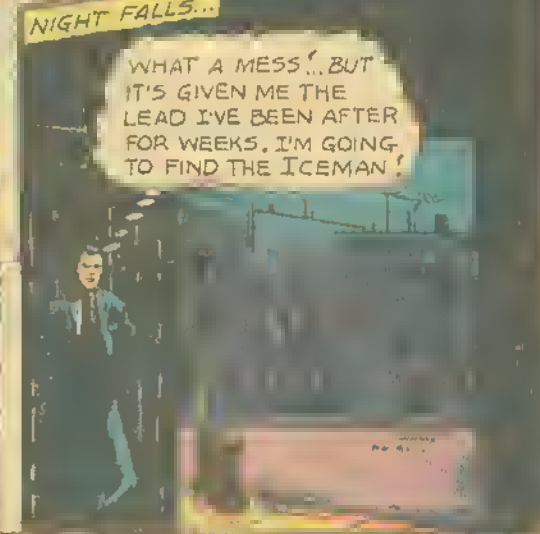
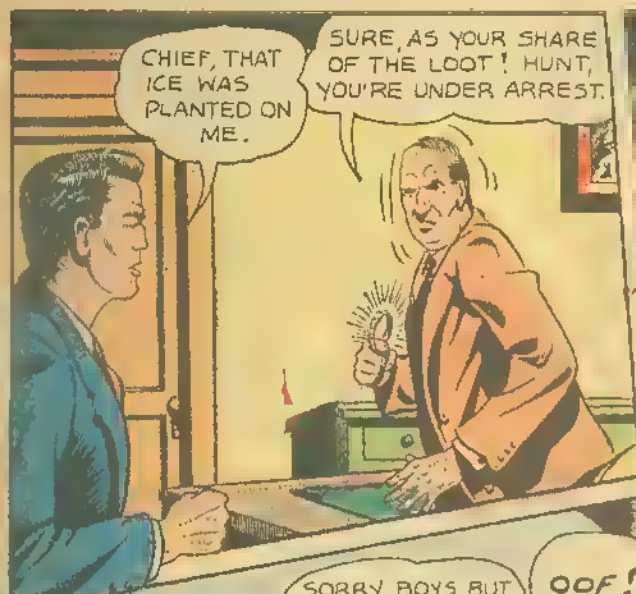
SO WHAT?

THIRD TIME IT'S HAPPENED.
WHILE I'M OUT AFTER SOME
TWO-BIT CROOK, THE ICEMAN
AND HIS MOB PULL A
BIG-TIME JOB.



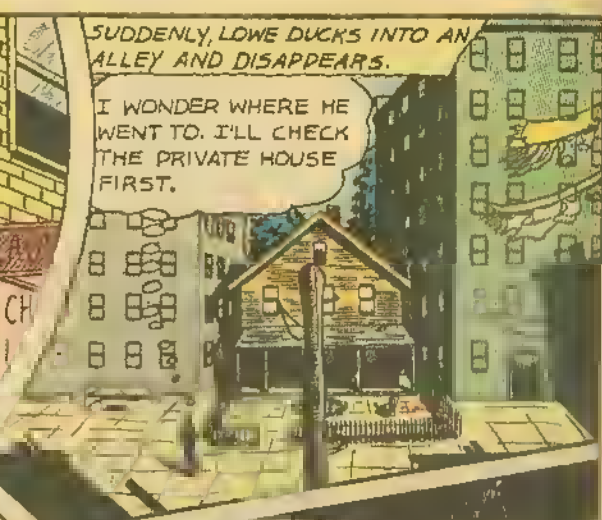
SO YA THINK
MAYBE I'M
DELIBERATELY
GETTIN' YA
OUTTA THE
WAY OF THE
ICEMAN?







THAT RAT, JASPER LOWE, WILL LEAD ME TO THE ICEMAN.



SUDDENLY, LOWE DUCKS INTO AN ALLEY AND DISAPPEARS.

I WONDER WHERE HE WENT TO. I'LL CHECK THE PRIVATE HOUSE FIRST.



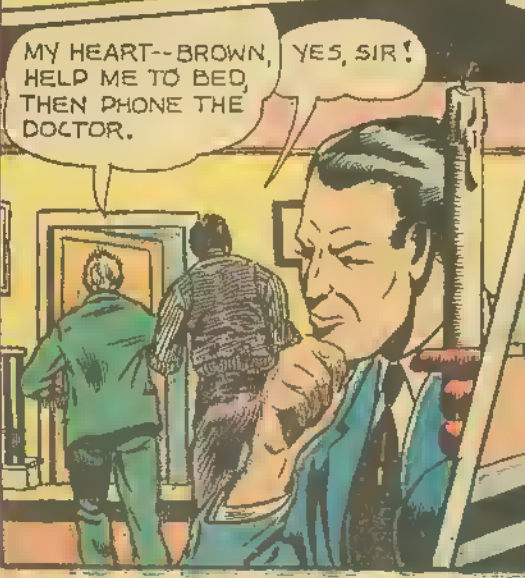
THE P-POLICE

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU ANSWERED THE BELL!



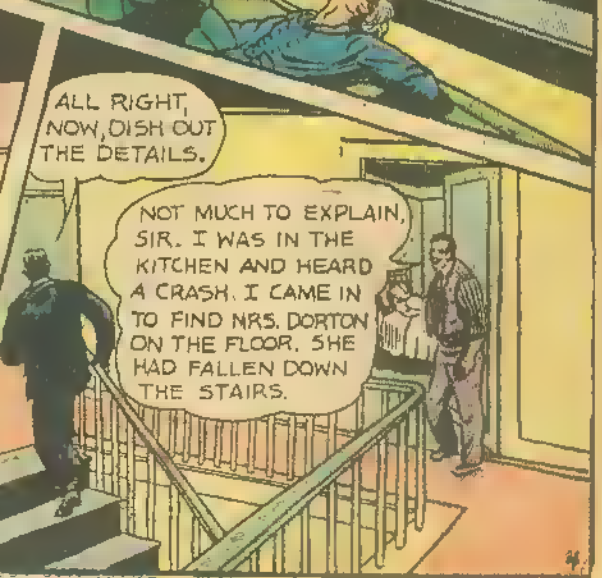
WHAT ARE YOU SO SCARED ABOUT? SAY-- WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

EMILY! EMILY! GOOD HEAVENS SHE'S DEAD!



MY HEART--BROWN, HELP ME TO BED, THEN PHONE THE DOCTOR.

YES, SIR!



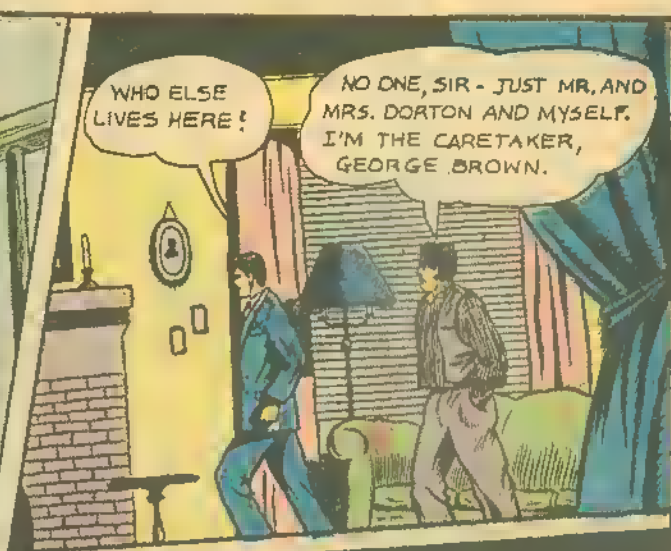
ALL RIGHT, NOW, DISH OUT THE DETAILS.

NOT MUCH TO EXPLAIN, SIR. I WAS IN THE KITCHEN AND HEARD A CRASH. I CAME IN TO FIND MRS. DORTON ON THE FLOOR. SHE HAD FALLEN DOWN THE STAIRS.



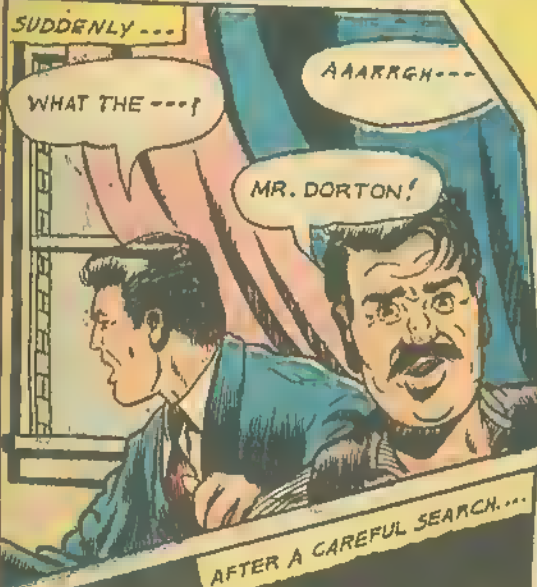
AND WHERE WAS MR. DORTON AT THE TIME?

HE WAS IN THE KITCHEN WITH ME, SIR!



WHO ELSE LIVES HERE?

NO ONE, SIR - JUST MR. AND MRS. DORTON AND MYSELF. I'M THE CARETAKER, GEORGE BROWN.

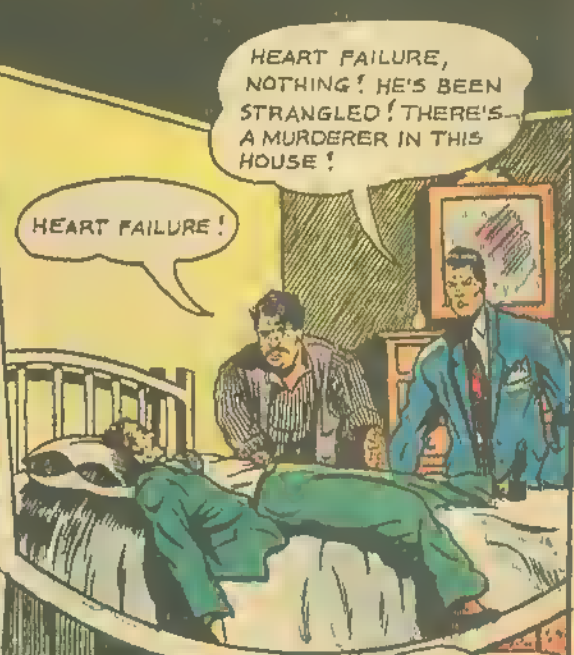


SUDDENLY...

WHAT THE ---?

AAARRGH---

MR. DORTON!



HEART FAILURE!

HEART FAILURE, NOTHING! HE'S BEEN STRANGLERED! THERE'S A MURDERER IN THIS HOUSE!



BUT I'VE SHOWN YOU EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN HEART FAILURE.

YOU HAVEN'T SHOWN ME THE CELLAR.



YOUR FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR TO ME, BROWN. DIDN'T I SEND YOU TO SING-SING?

M-M-ME, SIR! OH, NO, SIR!

A STEEL DOOR,
EH? OPEN IT
UP!

YES, SIR. IT'S ONLY
THE WINE VAULT,
SIR.

WELL, THIS LOOKS
LEGITIMATE
ENOUGH.

OF COURSE, SIR.
THIS IS A
RESPECTABLE
PRIVATE
RESIDENCE.

SUDDENLY--BROWN GETS PANICKY.

HEY!

SLAM

I-CAN'T-BUDGE IT! THE DOOR,
THE WALLS, ALL SOLID STEEL. I'LL
SMOTHER TO DEATH. I MUST AND
WILL GET OUT TO SAVE MY LIFE
AND MY HONOR.

NOW I KNOW WHY
YOU GOT ME THIS JOB,
LOWE---TO TAKE THE
RAP FOR-YOU!

VOICES! HOW
CAN ONE HEAR
VOICES THROUGH
STEEL?

SURE!

WHAT A BREAK! THIS ONE
WALL IS ONLY A THIN WOOD
PARTITION! THIS VAULT HAS
BEEN SEPARATED INTO TWO
ROOMS.

AND BEHIND THE PARTITION...

I WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT!
THIS JOB LOOKED LEGIT WHEN
I TOOK IT, BUT IT TURNS OUT TO
BE THE ICEMAN'S HEADQUARTERS--AND I'LL BE ARRESTED
FOR MURDER!

AW, SHADDUP!
THAT DUMB DICK'S
GONNA CROAK IN
THERE. HE AIN'T
GONNA ARREST
NOBODY!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
MAKE A MURDERER OF
ME! I'M GOING TO
FREE HUNT!

YOUR KILLING
DAYS ARE
OVER, LOWE!

WHY, YOU... I'LL
KILL YA FOR
THIS!

OW!

OUCH!

GET AWAY,
YA CRAZY
***!!

WHOEVER NAMED
YOU LOWE KNEW WHAT
HE WAS TALKING
ABOUT!

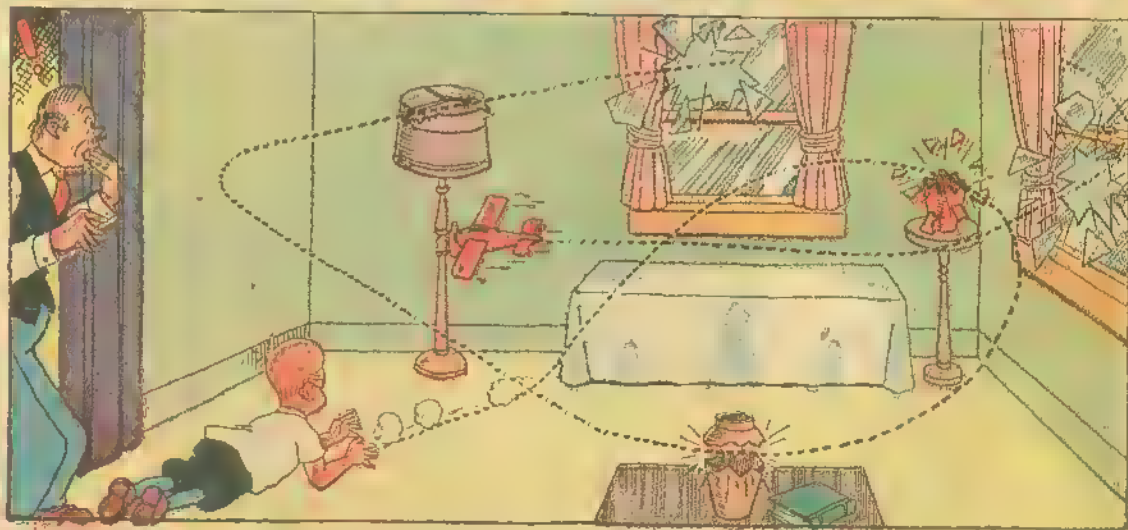
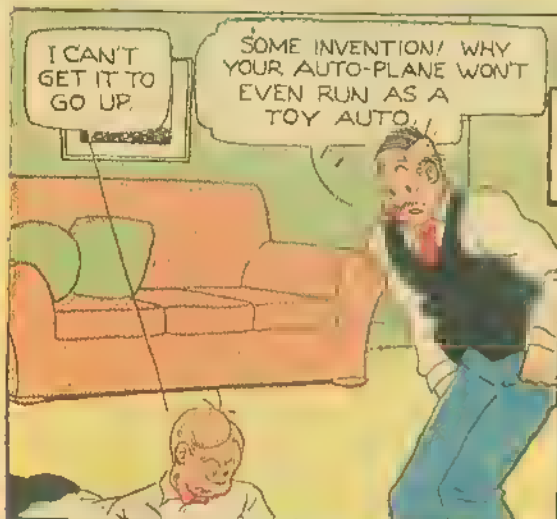
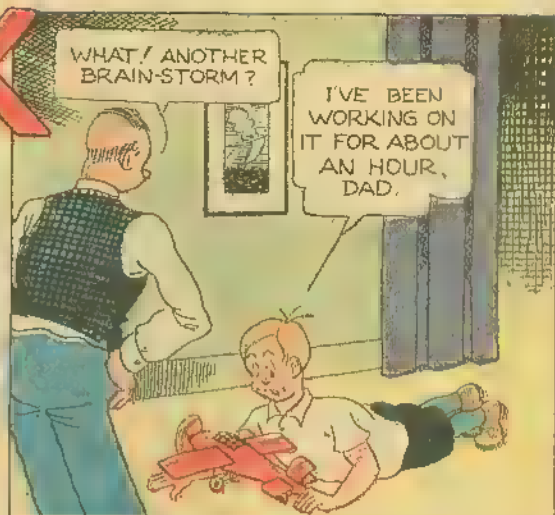
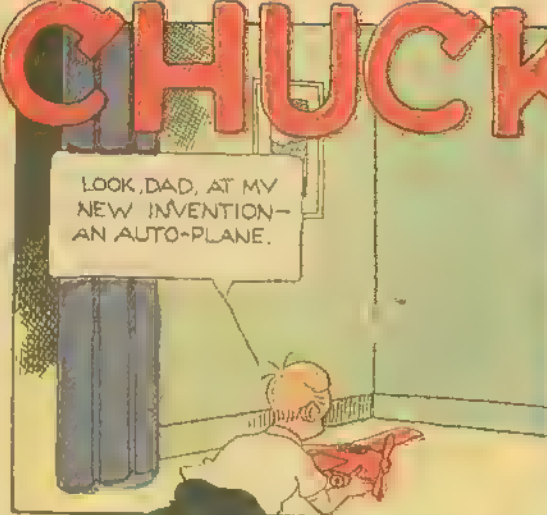
DORTON WAS THE ICEMAN---
MY JOB WAS TO KEEP YOU AWAY.
TONIGHT I KNOCKED OFF DORTON AND
HIS WIFE, FIGURING I'D TAKE OVER
AND GRAB THE MILLION HE HID IN
THE VAULT.

TALK,
LOWE!

DON'T WORRY, BROWN. YOU'RE CLEARED OF
ANY SUSPICION--- AND THAT GOES FOR ME,
TOO, WHEN I DUMP THIS LITTLE PRESENT IN
THE CHIEF'S LAP!



CHUCK



JUNGO

THE MAN BEAST



PHIL GANT, FAMOUS MOVIE STAR OF THE "JUNGO" PICTURES GOES TO AFRICA TO PROVE THAT HE CAN ACTUALLY SURVIVE THE DANGERS OF JUNGLE LIFE. THERE A BLOW ON THE HEAD CAUSES HIM TO LOSE HIS MEMORY—HE FORGETS HIS FORMER LIFE AND BECOMES IN REALITY JUNGO, THE MAN-BEAST! BUT THE MARVEL MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS SPARES NO EXPENSE IN ITS ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIM; AND IN THIS FAST AND FURIOUS STORY, JUNGO IS FINALLY CAPTURED AND BROUGHT BACK ALIVE!!

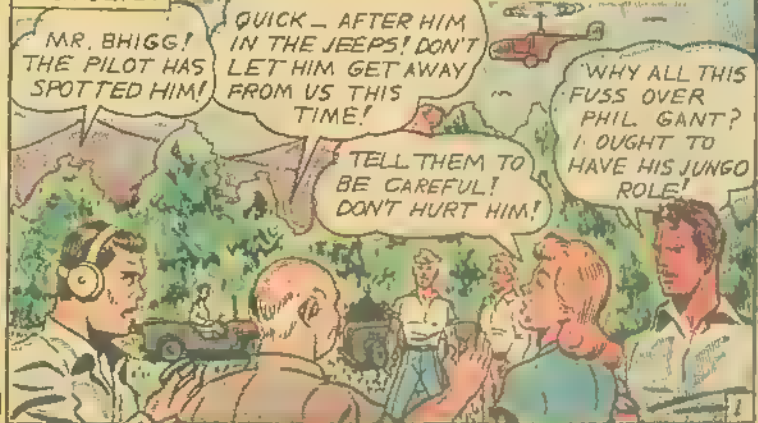
THE PAINSTAKING SEARCH IN AFRICA AT LAST YIELDS RESULTS.

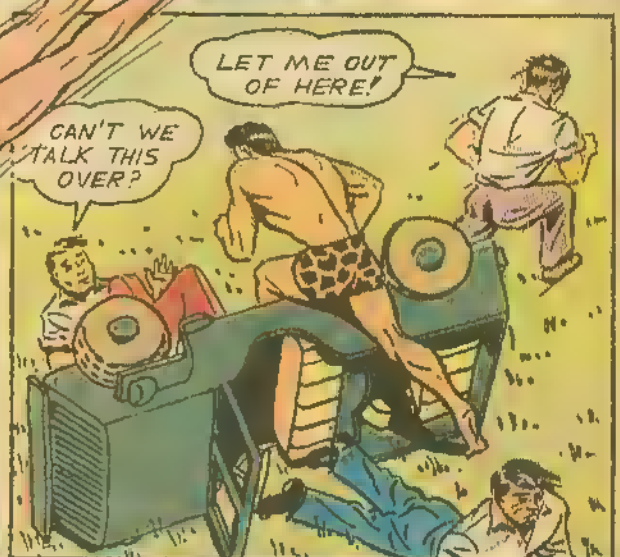
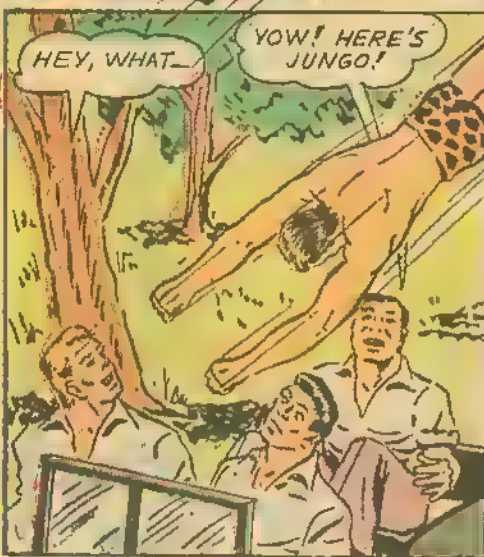
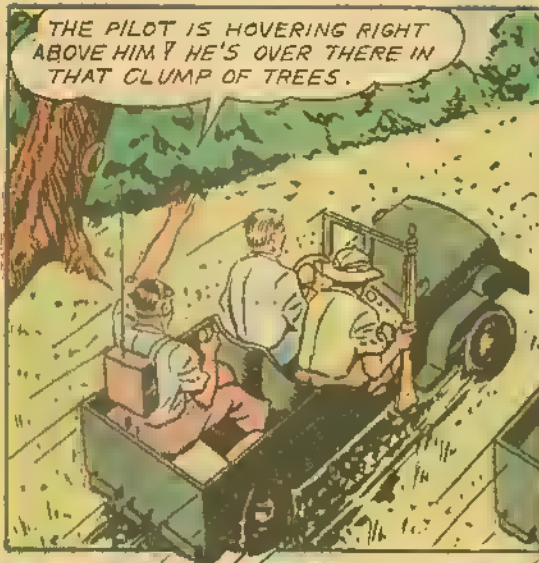
MR. BHIGG! THE PILOT HAS SPOTTED HIM!

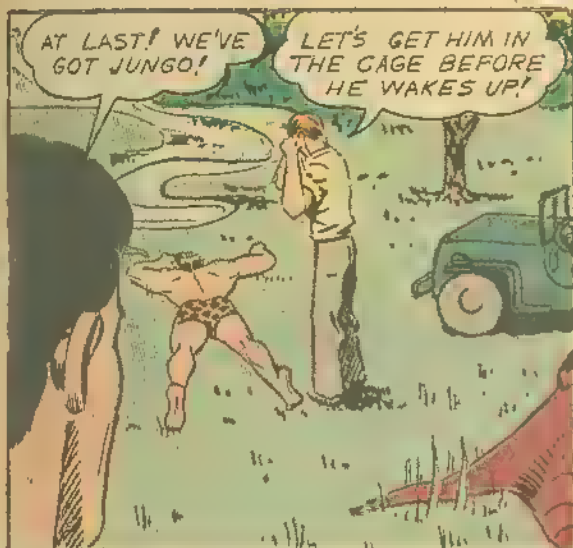
QUICK—AFTER HIM IN THE JEEPS! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY FROM US THIS TIME!

TELL THEM TO BE CAREFUL! DON'T HURT HIM!

WHY ALL THIS FUSS OVER PHIL GANT? I OUGHT TO HAVE HIS JUNGO ROLE!







AT LAST! WE'VE GOT JUNGU!

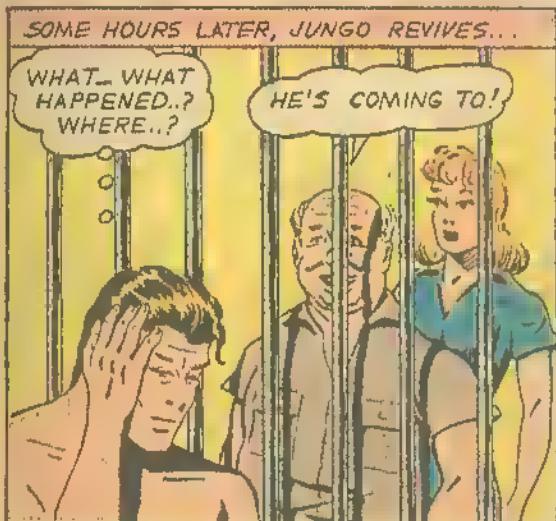
LET'S GET HIM IN THE CAGE BEFORE HE WAKES UP!



ARE YOU SURE PHIL'S ALL RIGHT?

DON'T WORRY GLORIA — JUNGU WILL SOON BE YOUR DEAR PHIL GANT AGAIN!

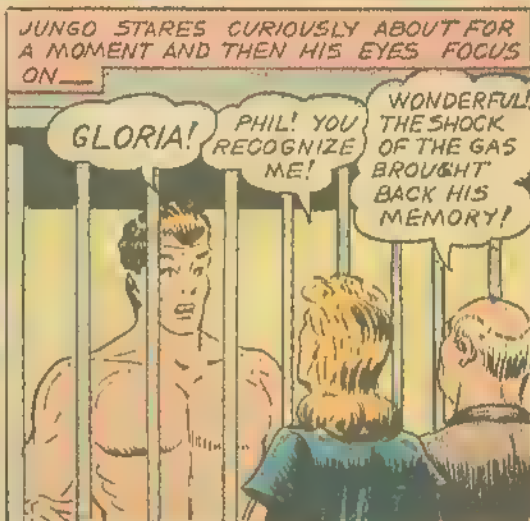
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU LOVE THAT MANI-AC, GLORIA.



SOME HOURS LATER, JUNGU REVIVES...

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED...? WHERE...?

HE'S COMING TO!



JUNGU STARES CURIOUSLY ABOUT FOR A MOMENT AND THEN HIS EYES FOCUS ON —

GLORIA!

PHIL! YOU RECOGNIZE ME!

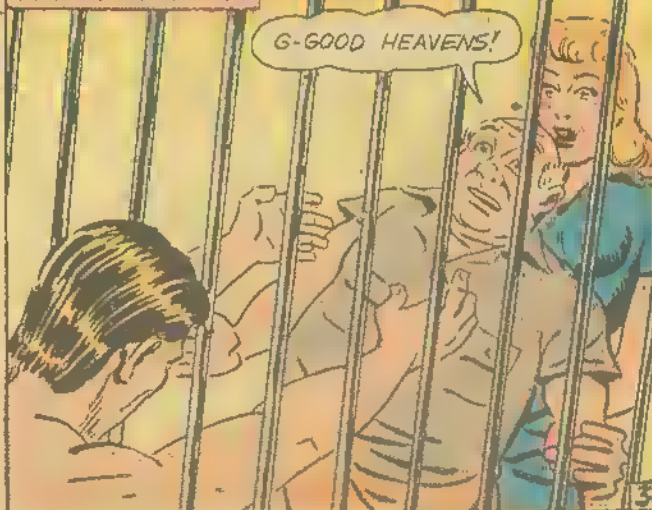
WONDERFUL! THE SHOCK OF THE GAS BROUGHT BACK HIS MEMORY!

BUT THE SUDDEN LIGHT OF REMEMBRANCE FLICKERS FOR JUST AN INSTANT AND THEN FADES BACK INTO THE DARKNESS OF AMNESIA...

PHIL...? WHO...? I'M JUNGU, JUNGU! AND THEY'VE GOT ME IN A CAGE LIKE AN ANIMAL!



— STARK FURY TAKES THE PLACE OF BEWILDERMENT! —



G-GOOD HEAVENS!

BUT EVEN THE MIGHTY STRENGTH OF JUNGU IS NO MATCH FOR STEEL BARS.



THE MAN-BEAST IS HOISTED ABOARD MR. BHIGG'S YACHT. DAYS PASS, AND THEN—

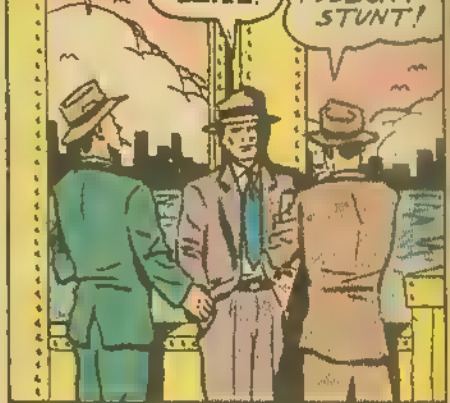
AT LAST WE'RE NEARING NEW YORK! TELL ALL OF 'EM TO GET THEIR THINGS READY.



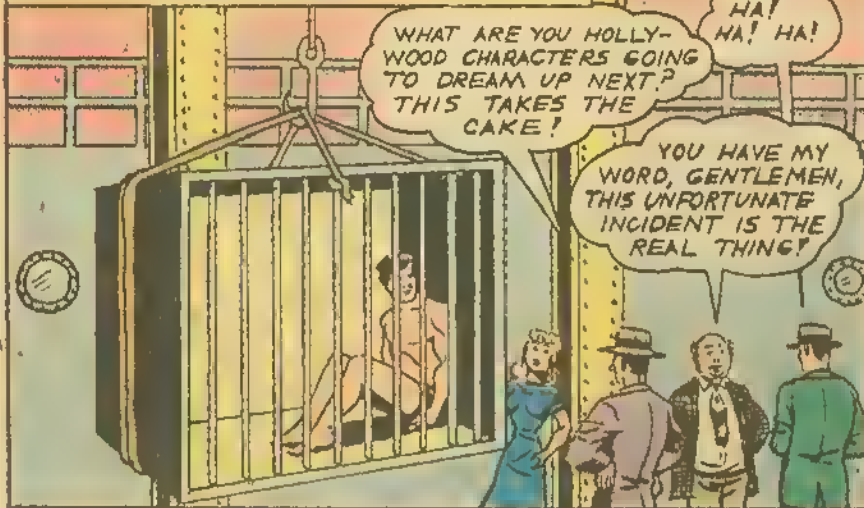
THERE'S THE YACHT FROM AFRICA.

I WONDER IF THIS PHIL GANT STORY IS ON THE LEVEL?

HAH... THE WHOLE THING WAS COOKED UP FOR A PUBLICITY STUNT!



AFTER THE YACHT IS DOCKED IN NEW YORK...



WHAT ARE YOU HOLLYWOOD CHARACTERS GOING TO DREAM UP NEXT? THIS TAKES THE CAKE!

HA! HA! HA!

YOU HAVE MY WORD, GENTLEMEN, THIS UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT IS THE REAL THING!

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF PHIL GANT FOR GOOD!



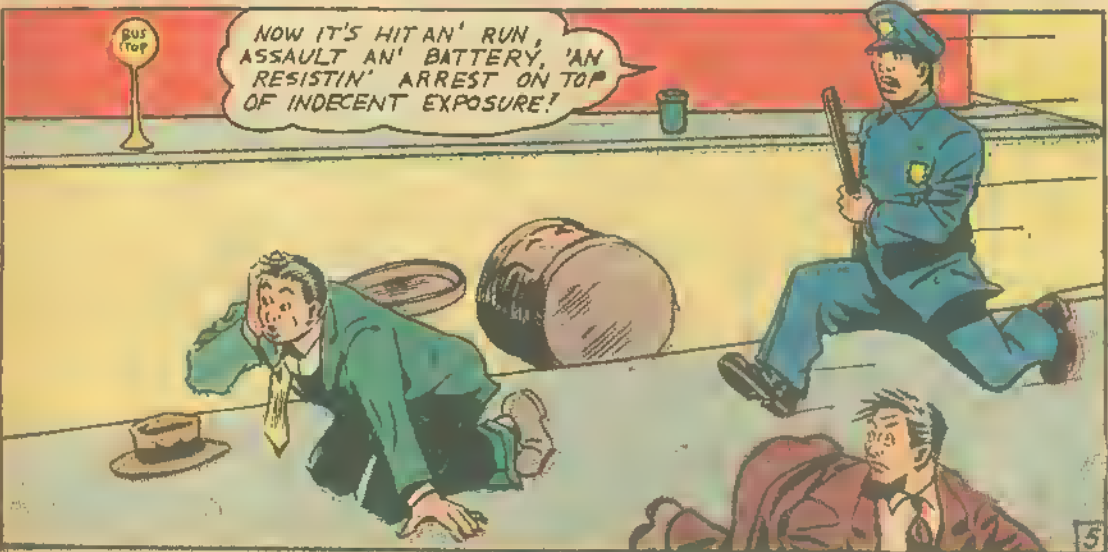
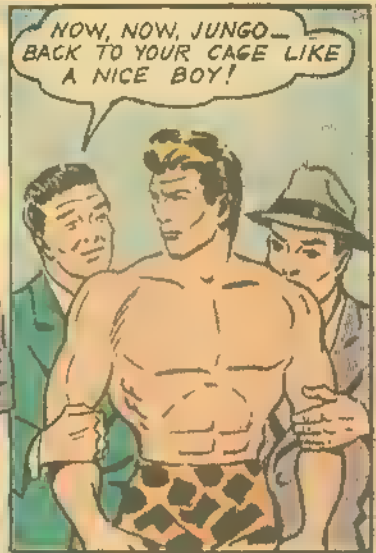
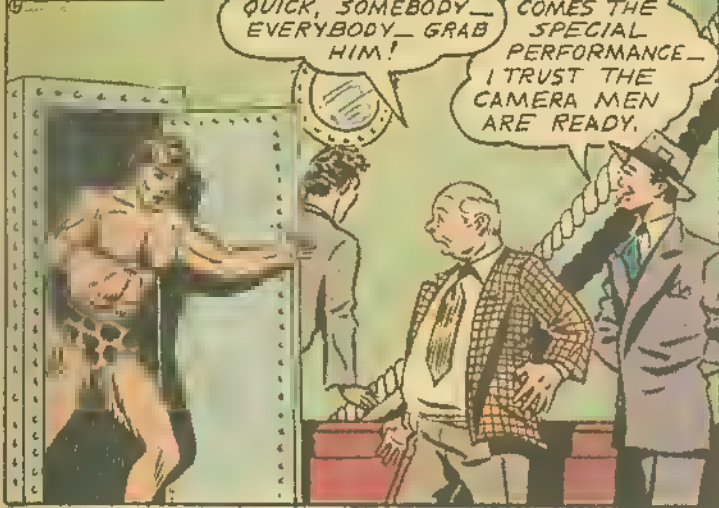
I'LL OPEN THE CAGE AND LET HIM LOOSE—HE'LL PROBABLY GO BERSERK AND GET HIMSELF KILLED!

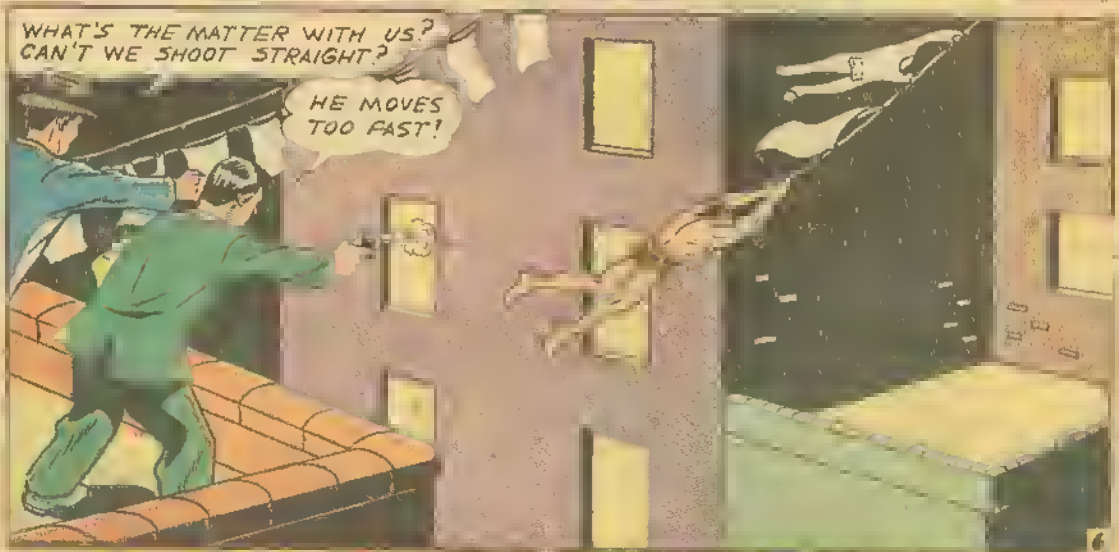
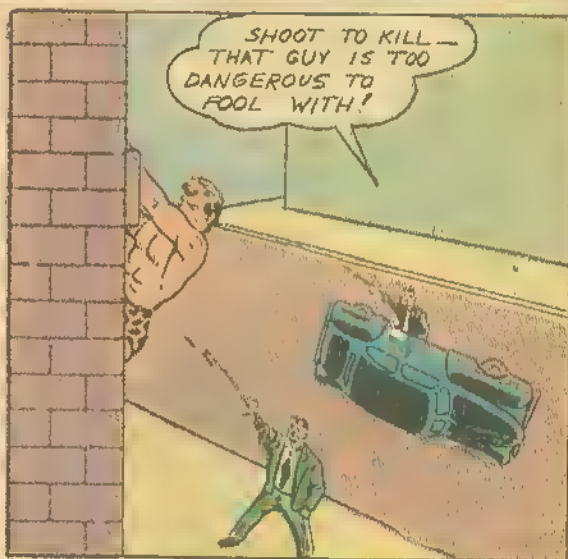
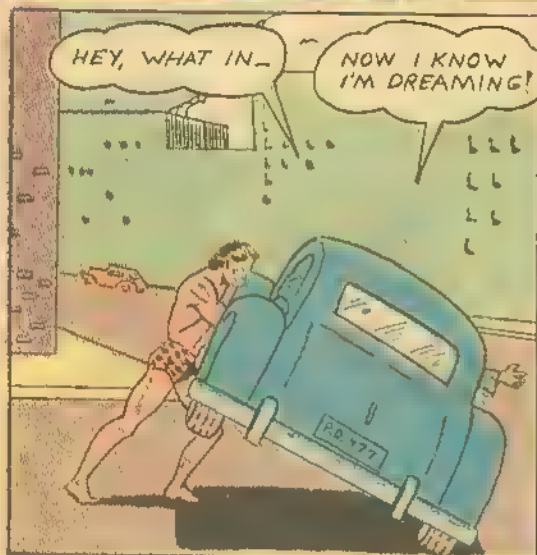
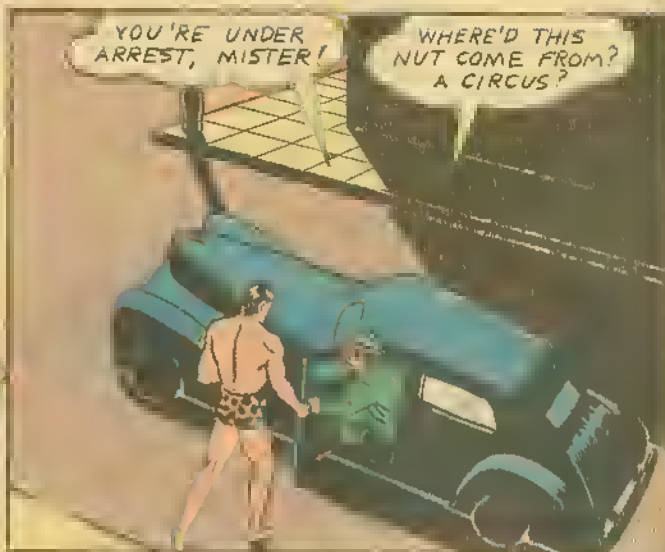
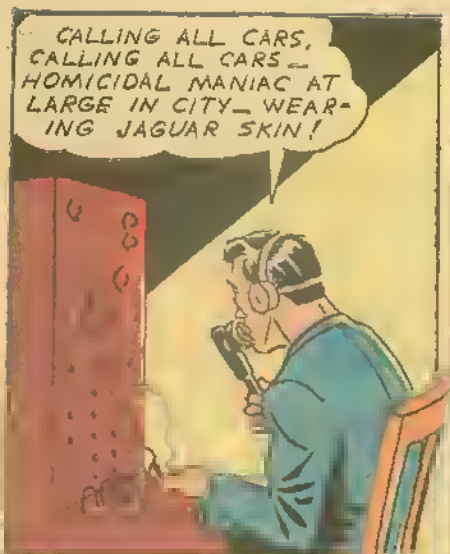


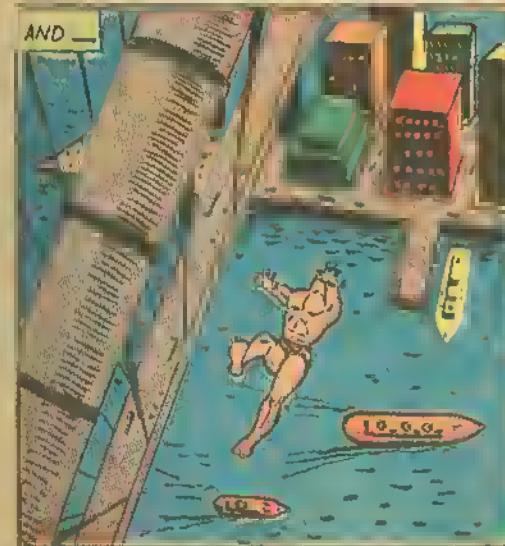
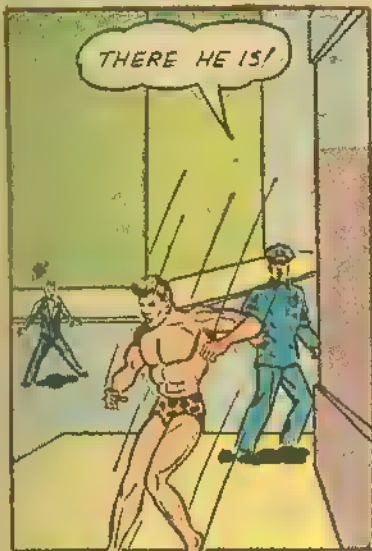
THIS WILL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE—I'LL NOT ONLY GET THE JUNGU ROLES TO PLAY, BUT GLORIA DEAN TO BOOT!

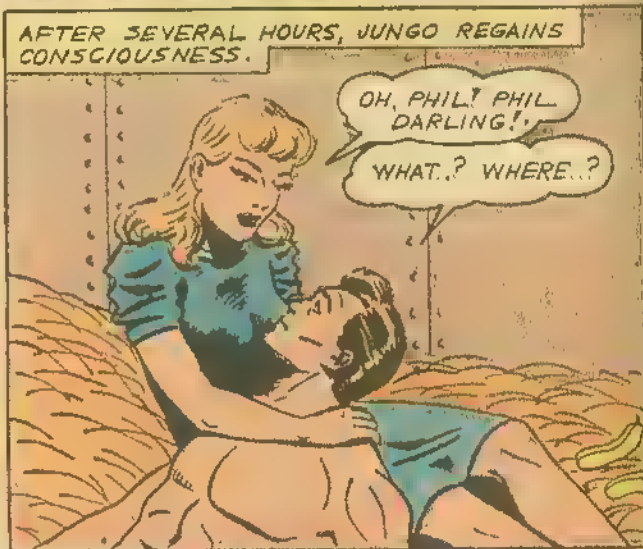
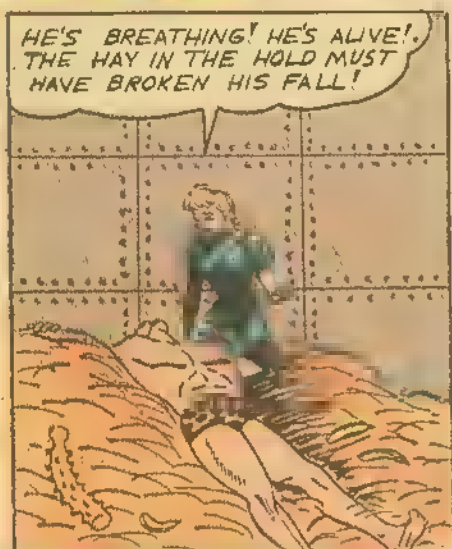
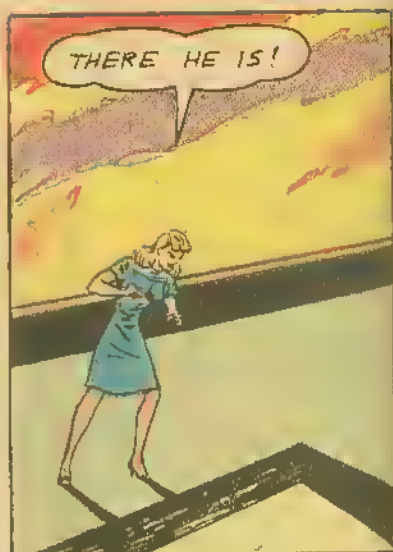
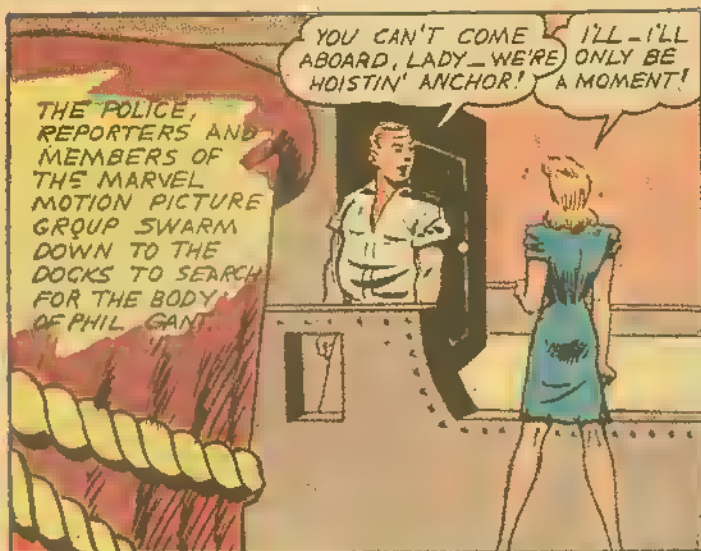


THEN —









ANYBODY'S GUESS!

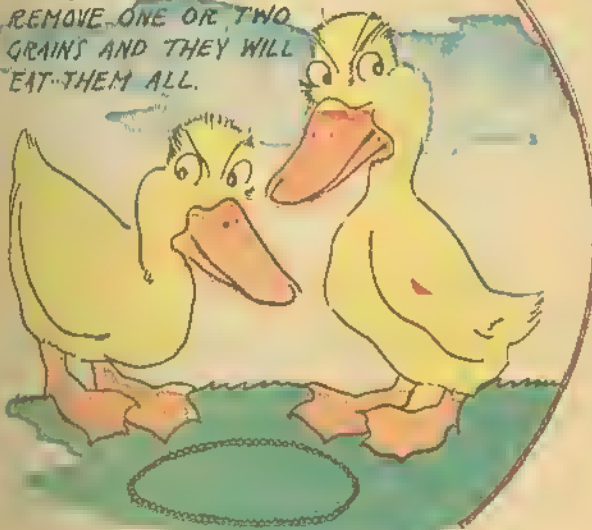


JACK THE RIPPER

MURDERED OVER FIFTY YOUNG WOMEN
BUT HE WAS NEVER APPREHENDED FOR
HIS CRIMES. WHAT BECAME OF HIM?

WHY WILL
NOT DUCKS EAT CORN
PLACED IN A CIRCLE?

REMOVE ONE OR TWO
GRAINS AND THEY WILL
EAT THEM ALL.



BIRDS MIGRATE AND COME
HOME CORRECTLY.

DO THEY DO IT BY SOME SPECIAL
SENSE OF DIRECTION? SCIENTISTS DO NOT
KNOW FOR SURE.

SPEED SPAULDING

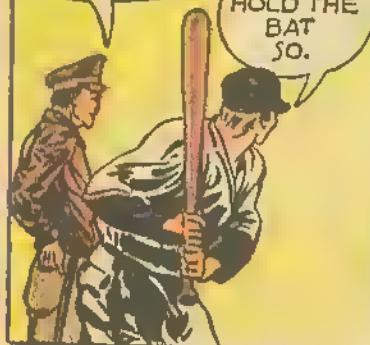
Star Athlete

in SOUTH AMERICA

WHEN SPEED SPAULDING, ACE OF DIXIE MILITARY ACADEMY, WAS BORROWED BY ARGENTINA MILITARY ACADEMY TO TEACH AMERICAN SPORTS, IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF HIS TROUBLES AND TRIUMPHS.

SPEED SPAULDING, HOW DO YOU HIT THE BALL?

YOU HOLD THE BAT SO.

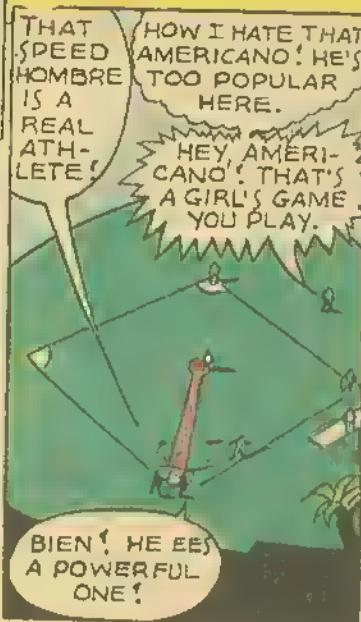


THAT SPEED HOMBRE IS A REAL ATHLETE!

HOW I HATE THAT AMERICANO! HE'S TOO POPULAR HERE.

HEY, AMERICANO! THAT'S A GIRL'S GAME YOU PLAY.

BIEN! HE EES A POWERFUL ONE!



THE CROWD WILL FOLLOW ME AFTER I FINISH WITH SPEED.

YOU KNOW YOUR AMERICANO GAME BUT I COULD MAKE YOU LOOK FOOLISH IN A REAL HE-MAN'S GAME, JAI-ALAI.

IT'S A TOUGH GAME AND I NEED MORE PRACTICE---



SO THE GREAT AMERICANO IS AFRAID TO PLAY AGAINST ME FOR 2 SETS.

I MUST ACCEPT SUCH A TAUNTING PUBLIC CHALLENGE EVEN THO' I HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH PRACTICE IN JAI-ALAI.



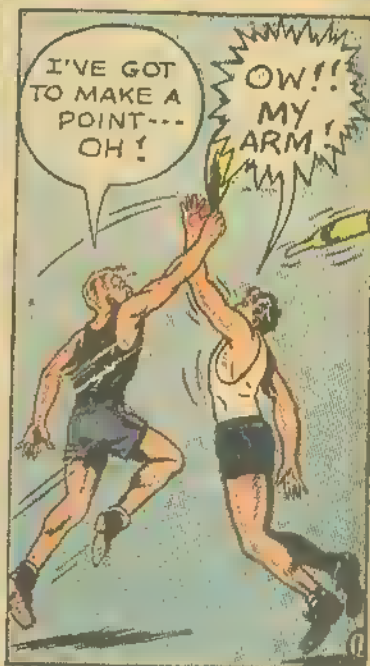
THE JAI-ALAI MATCH IS ON. GOMEZ LEADS 6-0, 4-0.

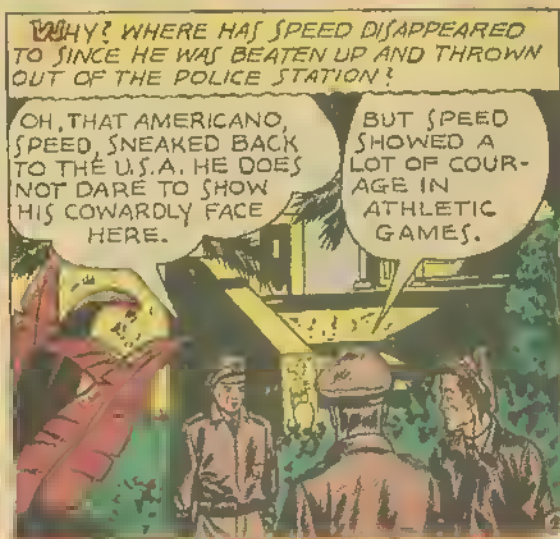
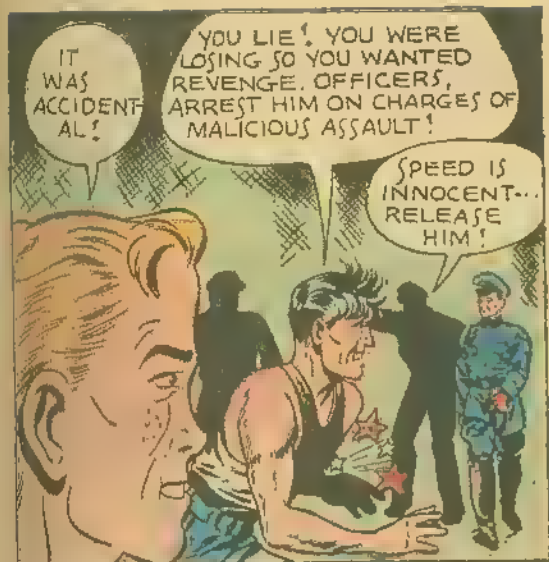
2 MORE POINTS AND I WIN.

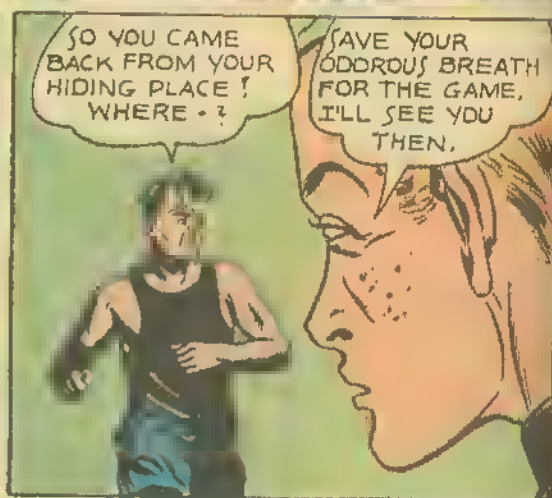


I'VE GOT TO MAKE A POINT--- OH!

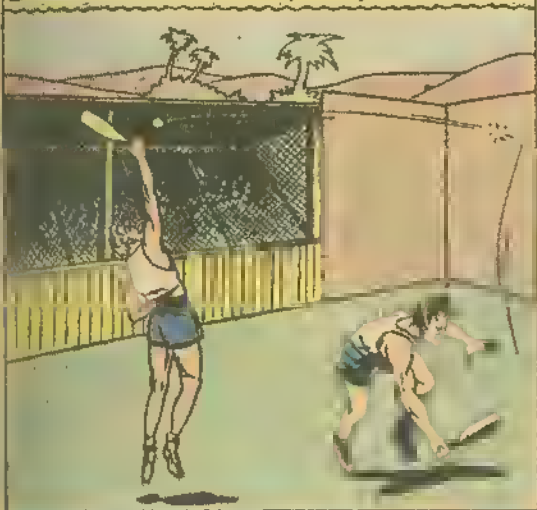
OW!! MY ARM!



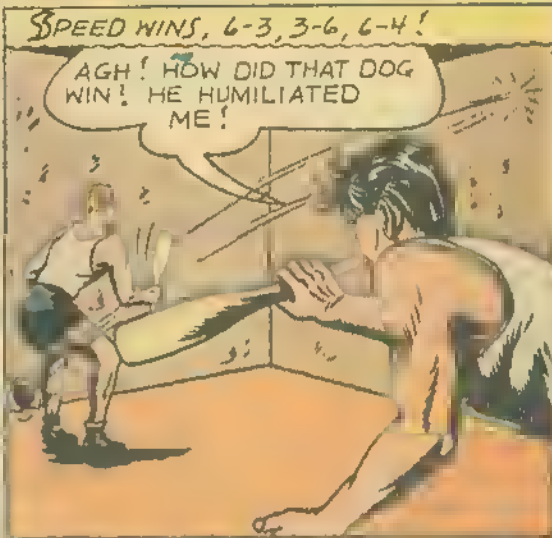
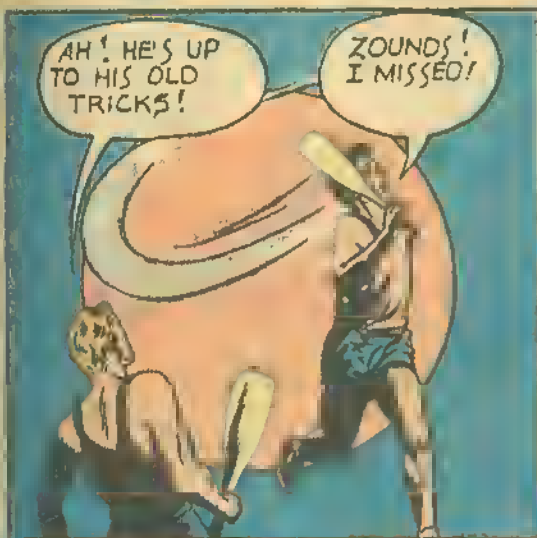
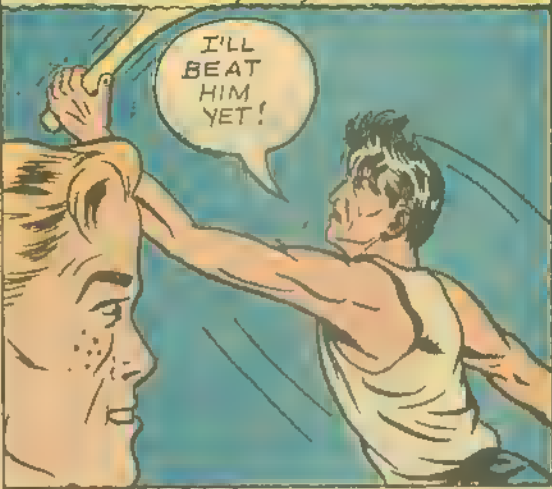




SPEED LEADS GOMEZ, 6-3, 3-1...



GOMEZ RALLIES AND EVENS THE SCORE, ONE GAME EACH, 6-3, 3-6!



GOMEZ LAYS SINISTER PLANS...

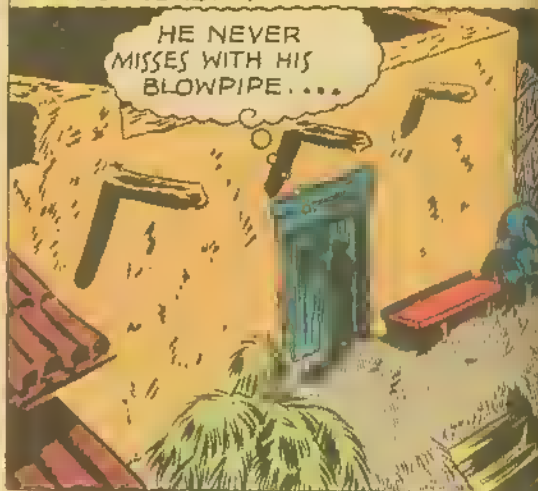
SI, GARCIA! I NEED YOU TONIGHT... BRING YOUR CESTA, TOO!

HO! THAT GARCIA WILL CINCHE THE GAME FOR ME...



LATER, GOMEZ VISITS THE LOCAL "UNDERWORLD".

HE NEVER MISSES WITH HIS BLOWPIPE...



MINUTES LATER INSIDE THE HOUSE, GOMEZ IS TALKING TO A WIZENED MAN.

YOUR JOB IS TO SHOOT THESE MORPHINE DARTS AT PLAYER NO. 13.

SI, SENOR, FOR THE MONEY YOU PROMISE, I WON'T MISS.



THAT NIGHT AT THE RAILROAD STATION, GOMEZ GREET'S SOMEONE GETTING OFF THE TRAIN.

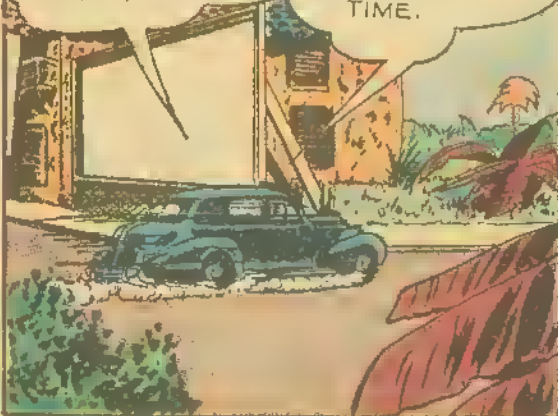
GARCIA, I NEED YOU TO SUBSTITUTE FOR ME IN A JAI-ALAI MATCH FOR 2 SETS. THEN I TAKE OVER. OF COURSE I'LL PAY YOU...

OH, HO! SO YOU'RE IN HOT WATER AGAIN! LUCKY I LOOK LIKE YOUR TWIN BROTHER.



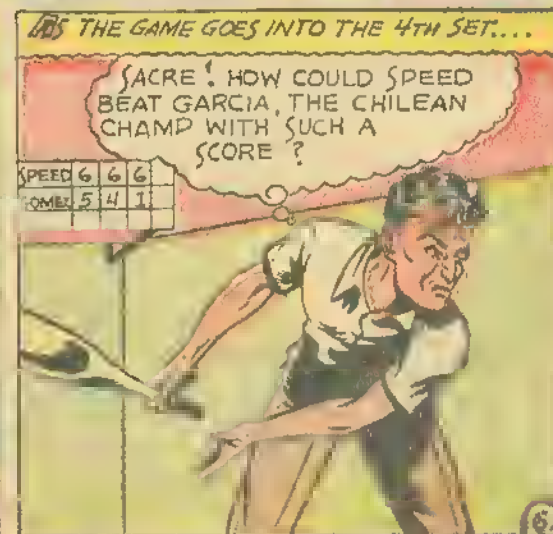
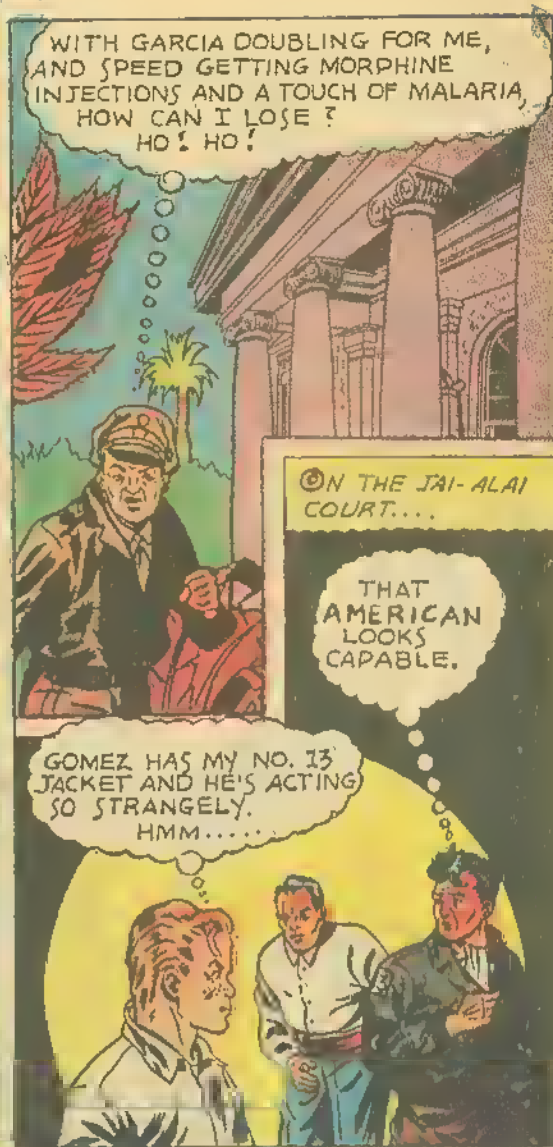
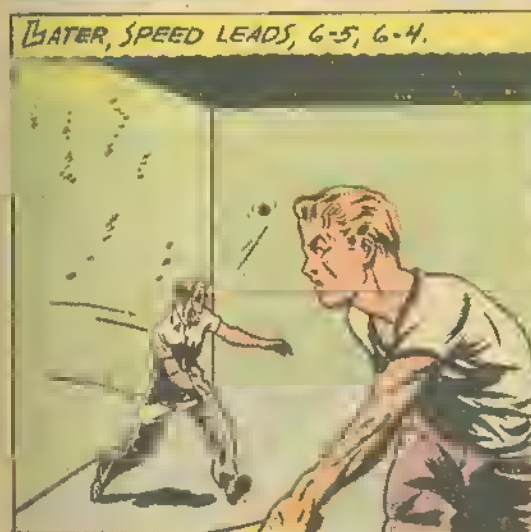
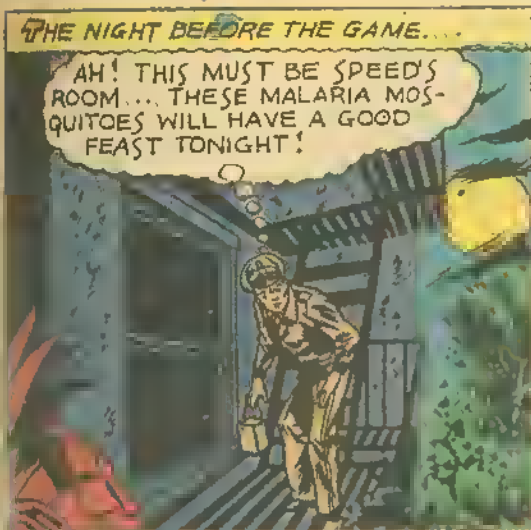
AFTER I TIRE HIM OUT, YOU FINISH THE GAME--EVEN SHOOT MORPHINE DARTS AT HIM...

QUIT! NOW I'LL HIDE YOU IN A ROOM NEXT TO SPEED'S QUARTERS UNTIL GAME TIME.



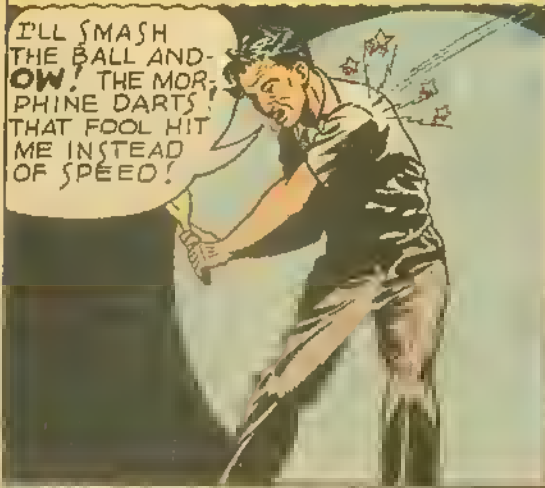
I HOPE MY FATHER WON'T MISS THE MORPHINE AND THESE MALARIA-INFESTED MOSQUITOES I'M TAKING FROM HIS LABORATORY.





THE LAST SET OF JAI-ALAI IS ON!

I'LL SMASH
THE BALL AND-
OW! THE MOR-
PHINE DARTS
THAT FOOL HIT
ME INSTEAD
OF SPEED!



GOMEZ WAS
STRUCK BY MOR-
PHINE DARTS---
PROBABLY FROM
A BLOWPIPE.

HEY, AMICOS LOOK!
SPEED SPAULDING
HAS A BLOW-
PIPE IN
HIS
POCKET!

UH!...
HOW
DID...!



ARREST AGAIN THAT
AMERICANO! I KNEW
HE WAS AFTER MY
BLOOD!



YOU SNIVELING WORM, GOMEZ!
INFECTING ME WITH MALARIA,
THEN REFUSING TO PAY ME
FOR DOUBLING FOR
YOU-- AND HIRING
THAT INFAMOUS
BLOW-
PIPE
EXPERT.

A DREADFUL
MISTAKE! I
LET THE
MOSQUITOES
FLY INTO
YOUR ROOM
INSTEAD OF
SPEED'S!

HEY,
FELLOWS,
HEAR
THAT!

SOME OF
YOU TAKE
CARE OF THESE
TWO WHILE WE
RESCUE SPEED
SPAULDING!...



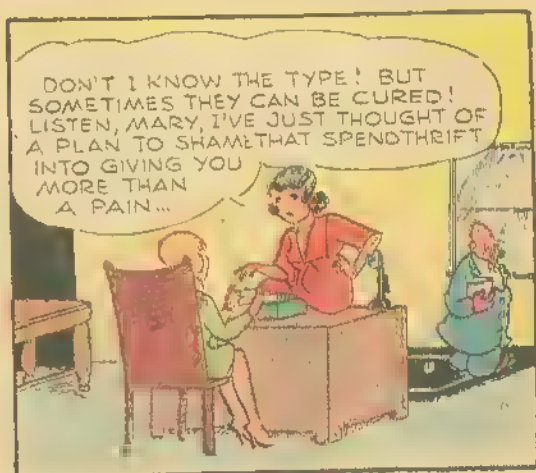
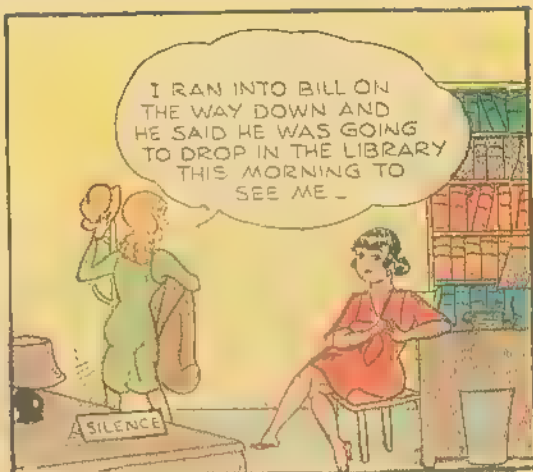
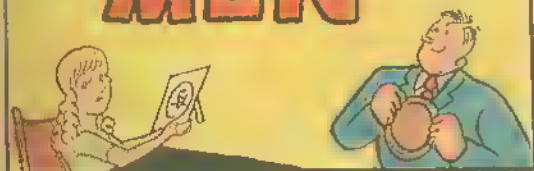
VIVA AMERICANO! SMASH
THESE FRIENDS OF THAT
TRICKY GOMEZ!

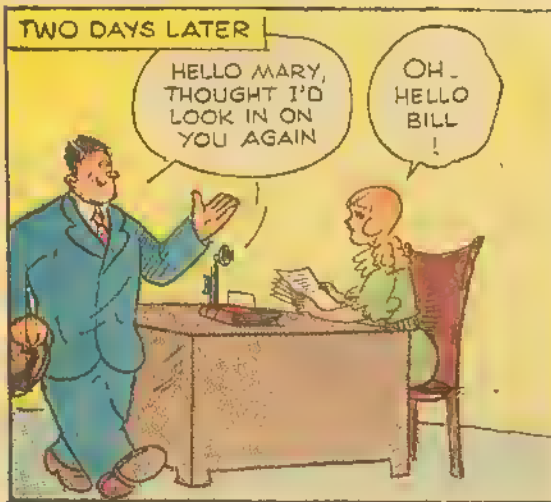
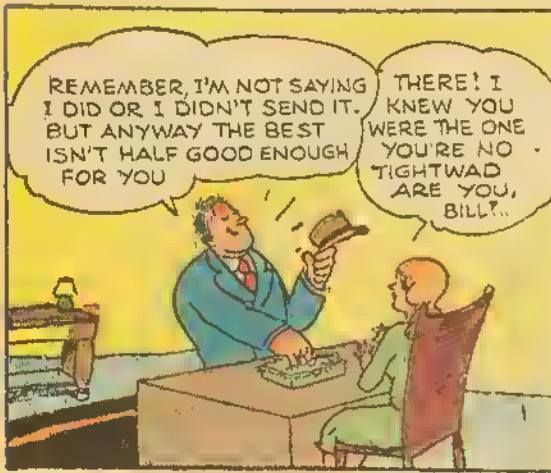
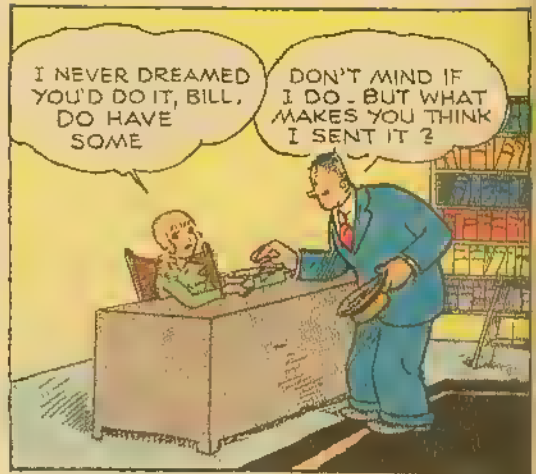


SPEED PLAYS FAIR! VIVA SPEED
SPAULDING, OUR NEIGHBOR, A
FRIEND AND CHAMPION!



MARCELLE AND HER MEN





SQUINTY GETS BOUNCED AND NO NEW CAR

Squinty Squire was truly fascinated. His heart was pounding so violently that he was sure his spectacles and his little hat must have bounced askew, and he straightened them nervously.

Squinty had never seen anything quite so beautiful.

He was standing in front of a big, wide show window, and on the other side of the show window was the most beautiful shiny yellow new automobile he had ever seen.

"Well-I-I! How do you do, sir!"

The booming words brought Squinty out of his reverie with a start.

"Er, uh, how do you do," he replied feebly, and he looked around to see to whom he was speaking.

A salesman had espied Squinty gaping at the shiny new automobile, and he had come out of the showroom at once, and he was now pumping Squinty's hand up and down vigorously.

"Beautiful little job, isn't it!" the salesman roared, putting a big arm around Squinty's small shoulders and beaming at the new car.

"Why, yes, it is lovely—" Squinty began.

"Come in, come in!" the salesman boomed, and he locked a grip of steel on Squinty's arm, and, before Squinty knew it, he had been escorted into the showroom.

"Which were you interested in, a sedan or a roadster?" the salesman said, taking out his order book and licking the end of a pencil stub and looking hard at Squinty.

"Well, I—" Squinty began.

"The sedan, eh? Fine, Fine." The salesman was writing rapidly in his order book.

It was, then, that the salesman noted the little frown that had made a sort of little furrow in Squinty's brow.

"What's the matter, the price worrying you?" the salesman said. He made a motion with his head for Squinty to follow him and went over to a chart on the wall. "C'm'ere. I'll show you something." He looked back at Squinty. "See that figure opposite where it says 'sedan'? \$300. That's all a sedan'll cost you."

Squinty said: "Well, that's fine, but you see I—"

"You want to look it over first, is that it?" The salesman clapped Squinty heartily on the back. "Of course."

Placing the steel clamp of his iron grip on Squinty's arm again, the salesman conducted

Squinty to the new yellow sedan on display.

"There," he said. "Slip in there behind that wheel."

And almost before Squinty knew it, he was behind the wheel.

"There. How does it feel?"

"Well, it feels fine," Squinty began, "but—"

"How much for the steering wheel, is that what you were wondering? Only \$100 extra."

"Only \$100 extra for the steering wheel. Uh, huh. Well, that is not bad at all, is it? But you see I—"

"In the first place, it wouldn't be safe driving without a steering wheel. You know, you'd bump into things."

"O yes, I know—"

JABBED HIS BIG HAND

The salesman had jabbed his big hand into the car across in front of Squinty and he was pushing the gear shift this way and that.

"This is the gear shift," he said.

"Yes, I recognized it," Squinty said. "But before we go any further, I think you ought to—"

"Only \$200 extra for the gear shift," the salesman said. "Reduced from \$250 extra. So you save \$50 right there."

"Oh, that's fine," Squinty said. "Because \$50 would come in very handy right about now—"

"And you'd want front and back seats, you know, to sit on. They're only \$150 extra."

"Seats. Yes, of course I'd want seats—"

"You know, it wouldn't be comfortable driving without seats."

The salesman was beckoning to Squinty with one hand and leaning down and peering under the car.

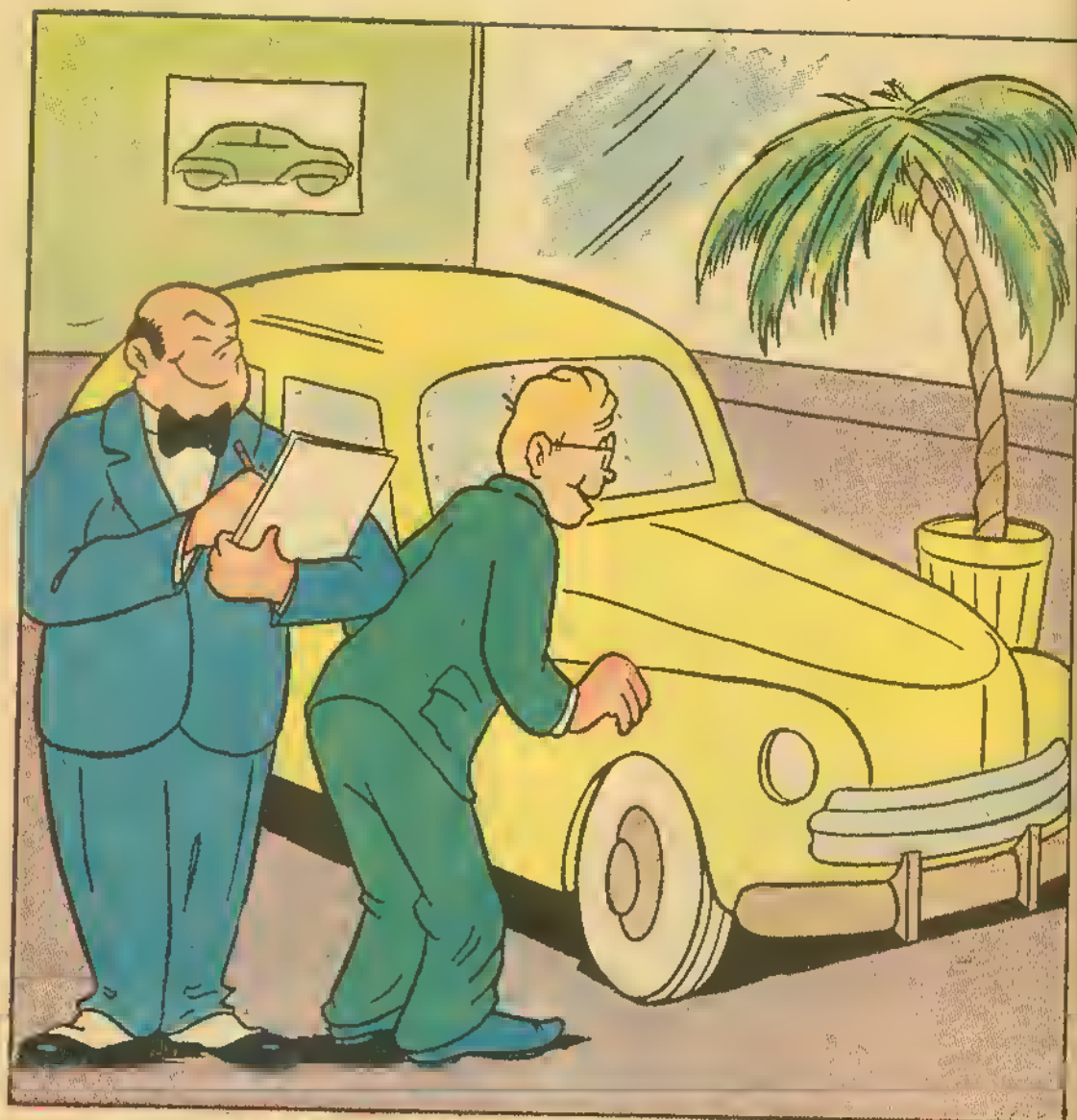
"C'm'ere. Climb out and look under here, if you want to see something really beautiful."

"Did you ever see anything as beautiful as that?" the salesman went on before Squinty could completely extricate himself from behind the steering wheel and still hold his little hat on top of his head.

"Uh, which did you mean—" Squinty said, crouching down at last on the floor beside the salesman and peering under the car.

"Those wheels," the salesman said. "See those four round things? They're what we call the 'wheels.' Aren't they the prettiest little jobs you ever saw?"

"Oh, the wheels. Yes, they are fine, aren't they," Squinty said agreeably. "So round, aren't they," he added.



The salesman was transfixing Squinty with a very confidential look.

"Would you believe me," The salesman began in a very low, confidential tone, "if I told you that those wheels came with the car—for only \$99.99 extra?"

"Only \$99.99 extra for the wheels?" Squinty exclaimed. "But how can you let them go so cheap—"

"\$99.99 each, that is, of course," the salesman said.

"Oh, each. Uh, huh."

The salesman was still transfixing Squinty with that look.

And it was in that same confidential tone that he said: "Well, how do you like it, friend."

Squinty adjusted his spectacles in some embarrassment.

"If?" he asked timidly.

"The car, the car," the salesman said with some impatience.

"Oh, the car!" Squinty said quickly. "Oh, I like it fine!" Squinty took a big, deep swallow. "The only trouble is, I haven't got any money," he blurted. "That was what I was trying to tell you all along."

First Squinty Squirrel picked himself up, then he picked up his spectacles and adjusted them carefully on his nose, and then he placed his little round hat carefully on the top of his head. This was approximately two minutes later, for it had taken the salesman about a minute to escort Squinty to the door, and about another minute to toss him out onto the pavement.

"My!" Squinty said to nobody in particular. "What an irritable fellow! He couldn't expect me to buy his car when I didn't have any money, could he?"

THE END

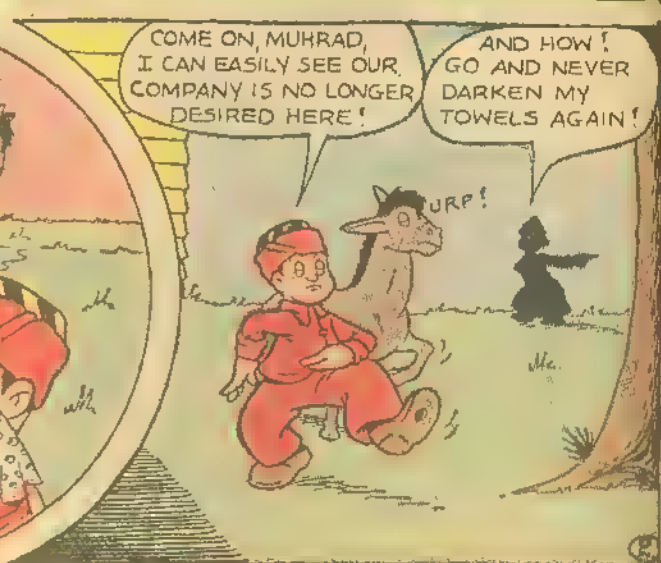
ALI-BABA

I CAN SEE AT A GLANCE
THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE
TO WIN IN THIS RACE WITH US.
BUT IF WE SHOULD LOSE,
OUR HEADS HE WOULD CHOOSE!
OF THAT, I AM QUITE NERVOUS!

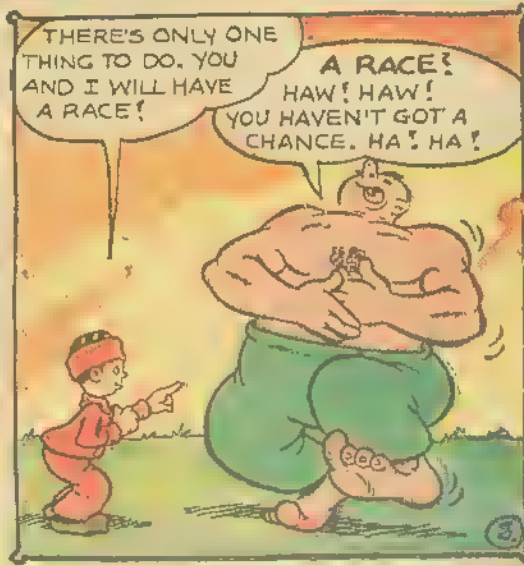
FOR RACING WITH ME
YOU'LL EASILY SEE
THE SUCKER YOU'VE BEEN
AS YOUR HEADS I
BASH IN!

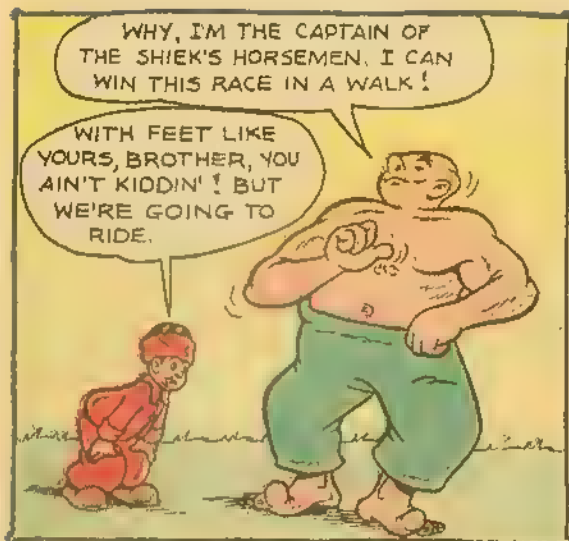


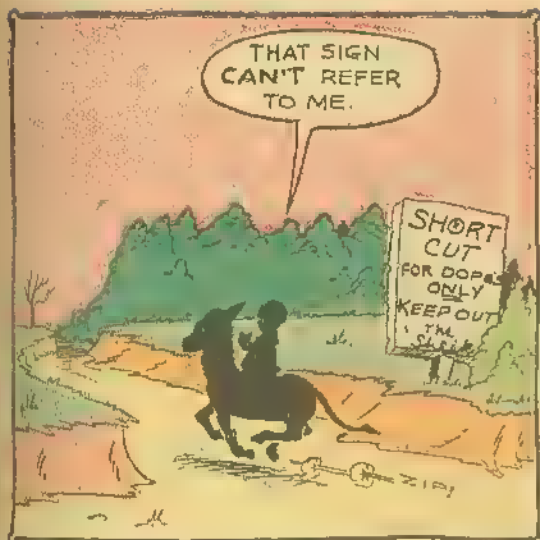
YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH ALI ON THE NEXT PAGE AND FOLLOW
HIM IN THIS---HIS NEWEST ADVENTURE.....

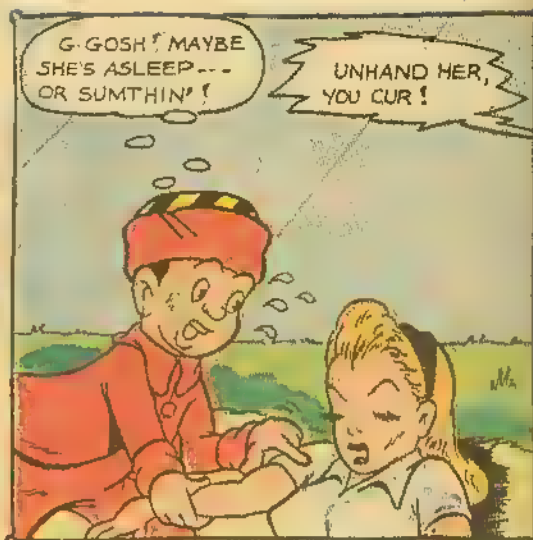
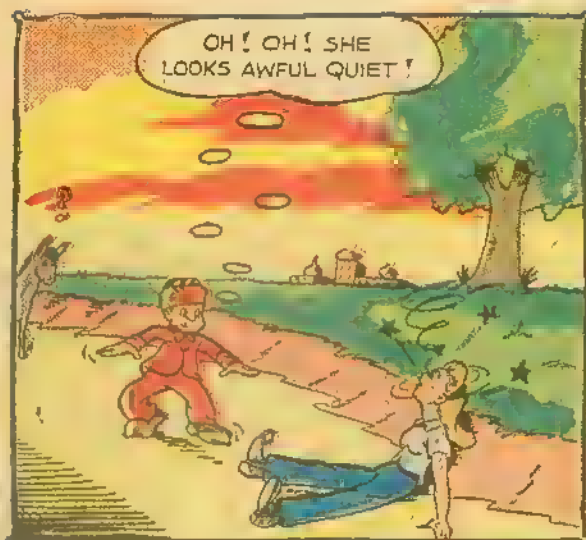


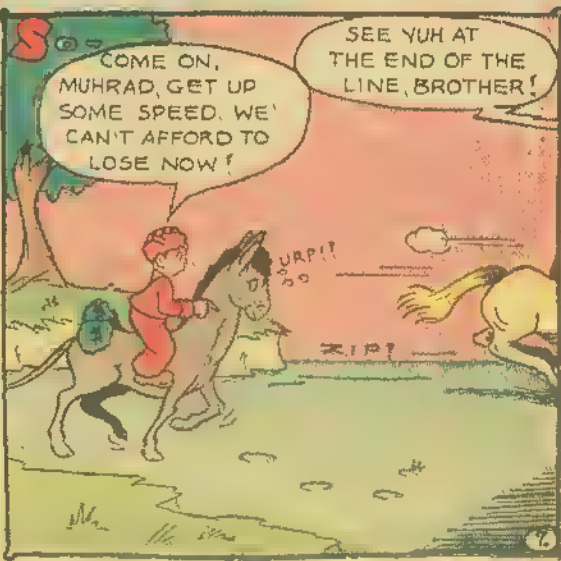
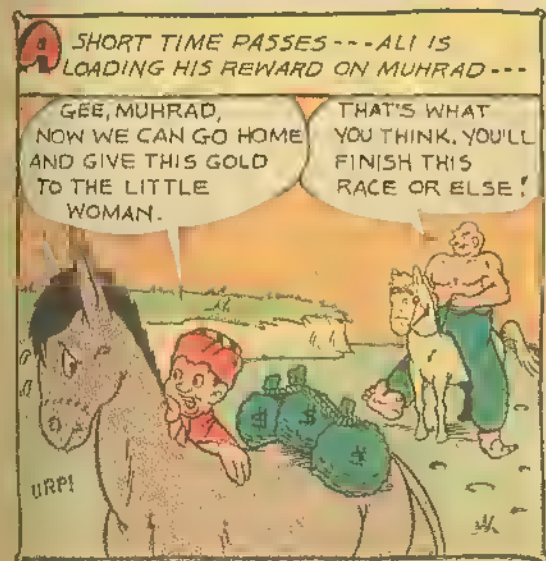
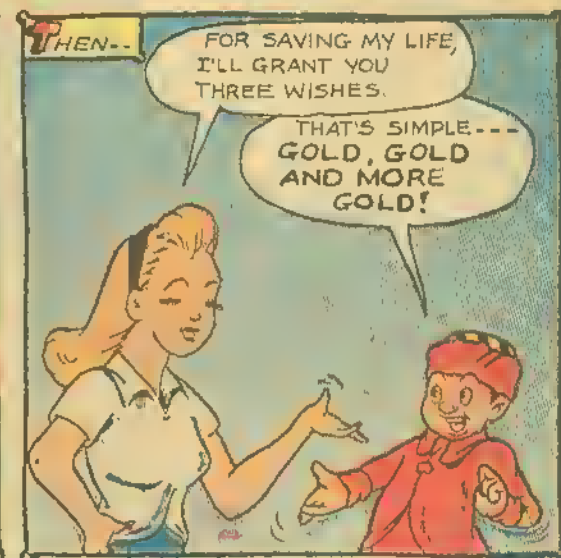
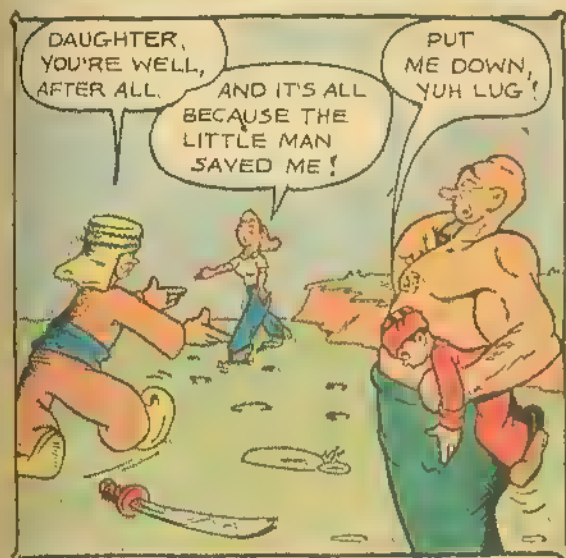
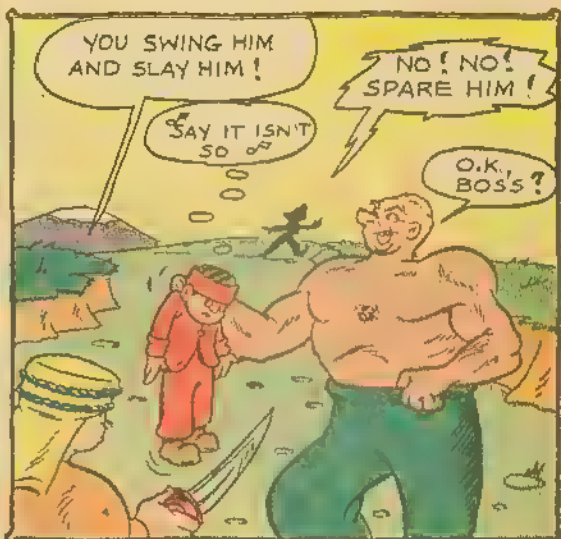
LATER, AS THEY STOP TO REST... SUDDENLY...

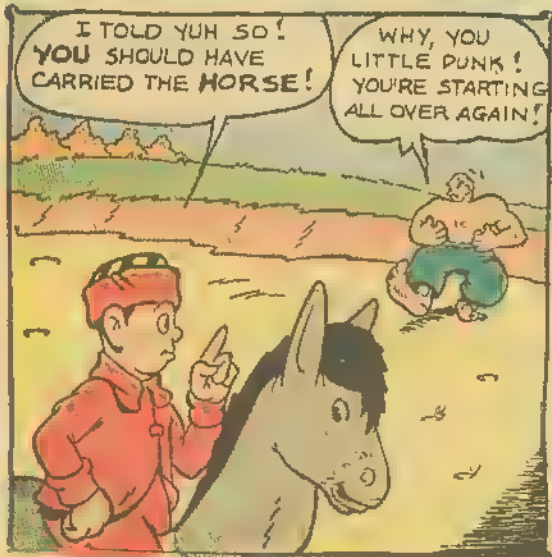
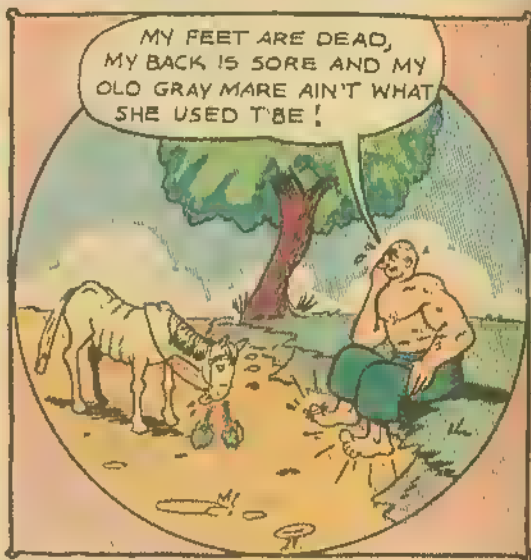
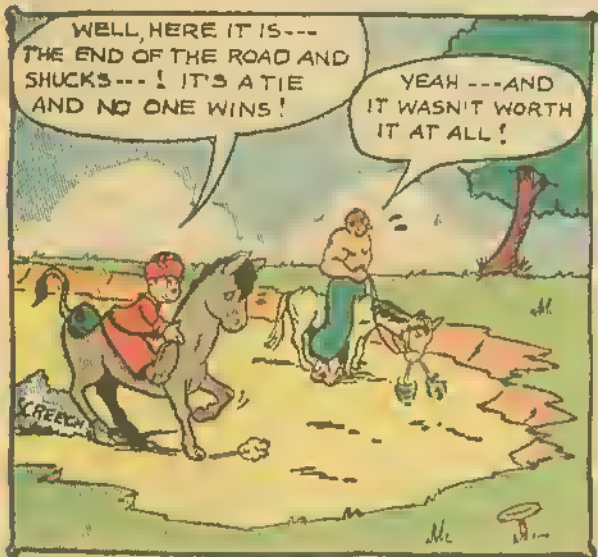
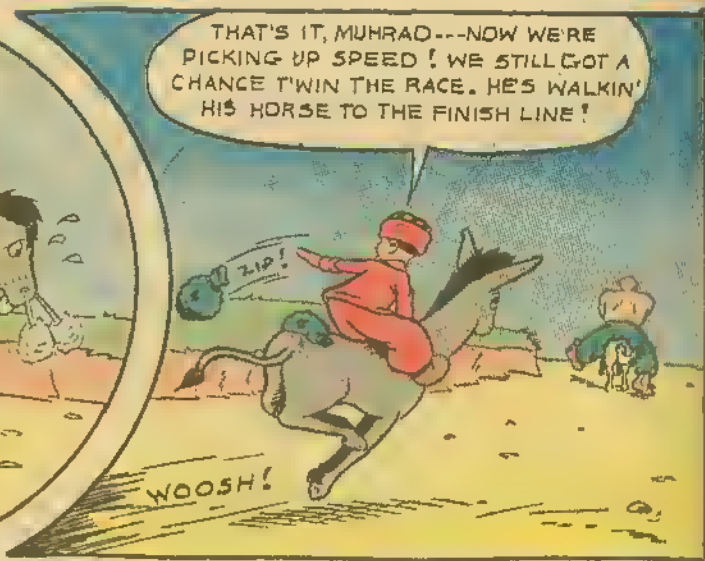
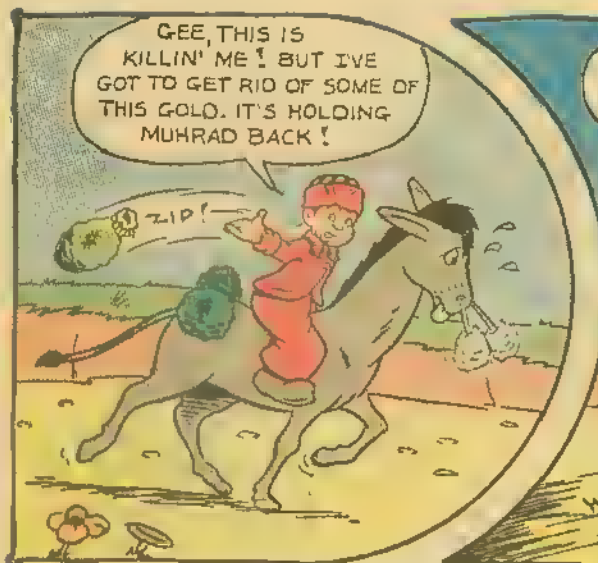












ANOTHER EXCITING ALI-BABA TALE IN NEXT ISSUE OF "SPARKLING STARS".

Puzzle Page



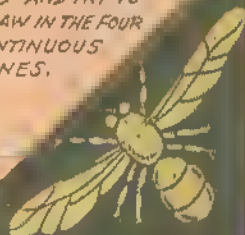
MARY IS GOING TO PLANT FIVE TREES. YOU CAN SPELL THEIR NAMES IF YOU PRINT JUST FOUR LETTERS, ALL DIFFERENT, BETWEEN CERTAIN LETTERS SHOWN BELOW.

BY SO DOING THE COMBINED INTERLINKING WORDS WILL SPELL THE FIVE TREES.

FIUAPLEMINE

THIS BEE CAN FLY IN FOUR CONTINUOUS STRAIGHT LINES AND TOUCH EACH OF THE NINE FLOWERS JUST ONCE.

USE YOUR PENCIL AND TRY TO DRAW IN THE FOUR CONTINUOUS LINES.



TOUCH EACH FLOWER ONCE.

STAND

TAKE

2

TAKING

1

YOU

THROW

MY



DETECTIVE DICK SHAW ADMITS THAT HE IS COMPLETELY BAFFLED BY THE ABOVE CRYPTIC SENTENCE WHICH WAS SENT TO HIM BY A FOREIGN SPY.

PERHAPS YOU CAN GO TO HIS RESCUE AND UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE FOR HIM.

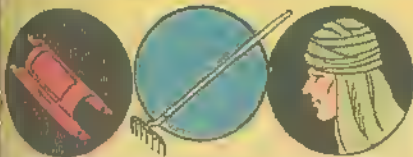
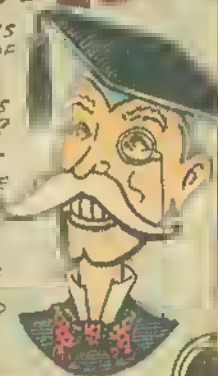
RIDDLE

WHAT GAME IS THE NAME OF AN INSECT?

WHAT GAME IS A LABEL?

WHAT DANCE IS THE NAME OF A CITY?

CAN YOU ANSWER THE ABOVE RIDDLES FOR PROFESSOR WIZ?



SIX FOUR-LETTER WORDS ARE REPRESENTED BY THESE PICTURES. TRY TO GUESS THEIR NAMES AND ARRANGE THEIR INITIALS TO SPELL A COUNTRY.



HOW TO MULTIPLY BY SUBTRACTING

ASK YOUR FRIEND TO JOT DOWN ANY LARGE NUMBER AND THEN ASK HIM IF HE CAN MULTIPLY HIS NUMBER BY NINE BY MAKING A SUBTRACTION INSTEAD OF MULTIPLICATION.

IF YOU FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE SHOWN, BY USING THE CHOSEN NUMBER CORRECTLY, THE SUBTRACTION WILL ALWAYS PRODUCE THE SAME ANSWER THAT YOU WOULD GET BY MULTIPLYING THE NUMBER BY NINE.

FOR EXAMPLE: HIS CHOSEN NUMBER MAY BE 1357.

ADD ZERO TO HIS NO. → 13570
SUBTRACT ORIGINAL NO. → 1357
THE ANSWER. → 12213

MULTIPLY THE ORIGINAL NUMBER BY NINE TO CHECK THE RESULT.

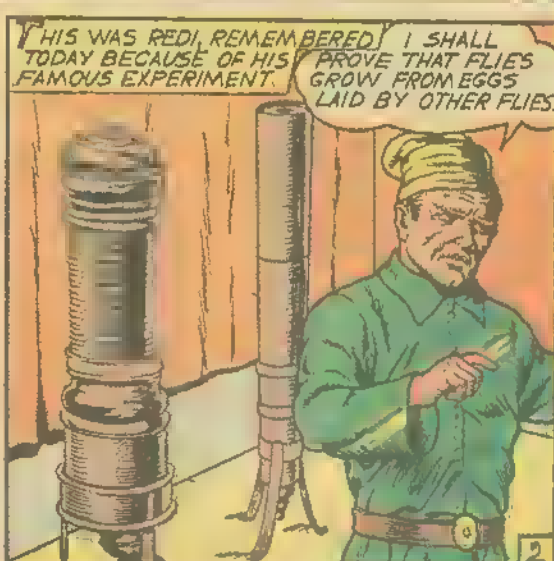
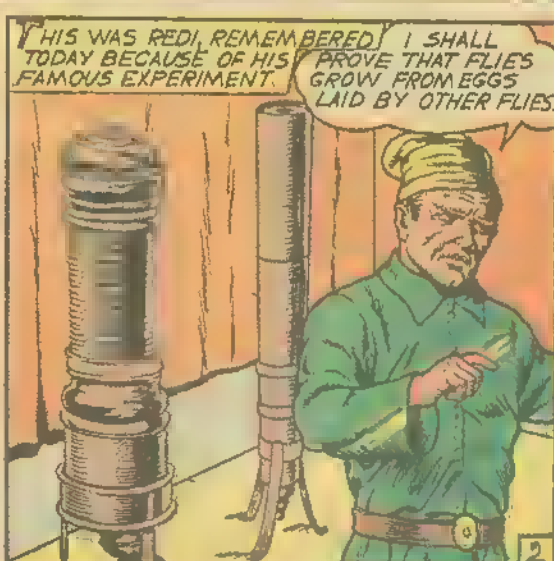
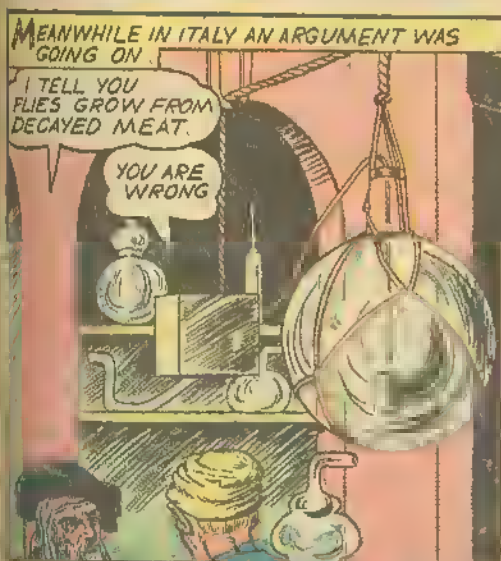
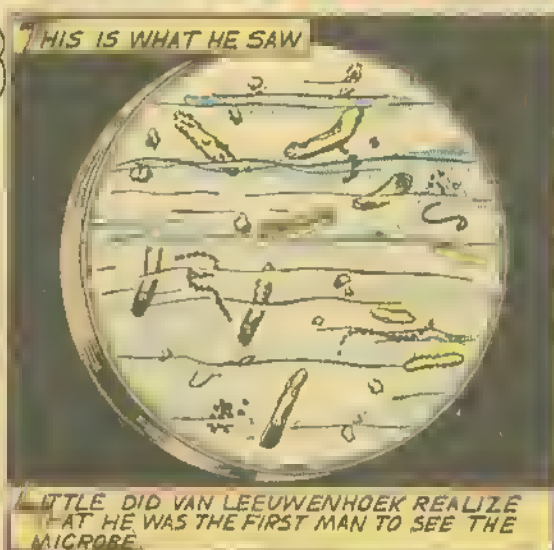
ORIGINAL NUMBER → 1357
MULTIPLY BY NINE → 9
THE SAME RESULT → 12213

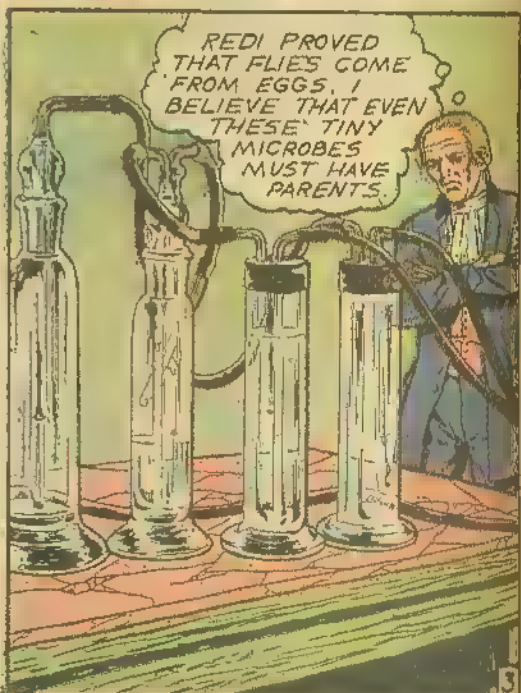
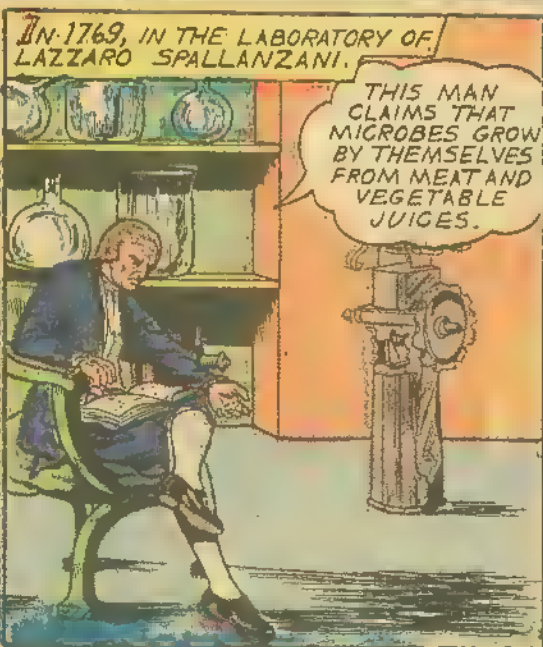
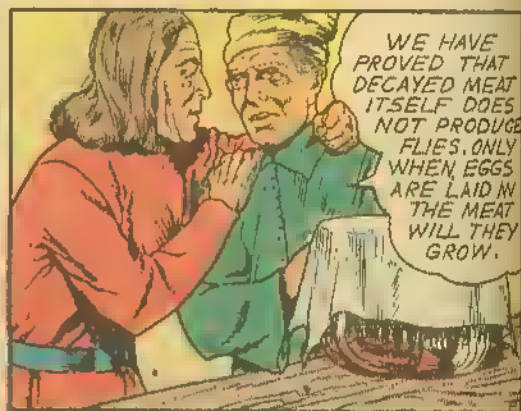
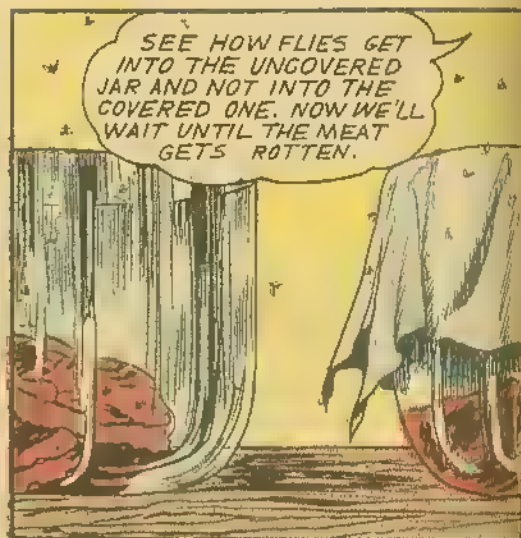
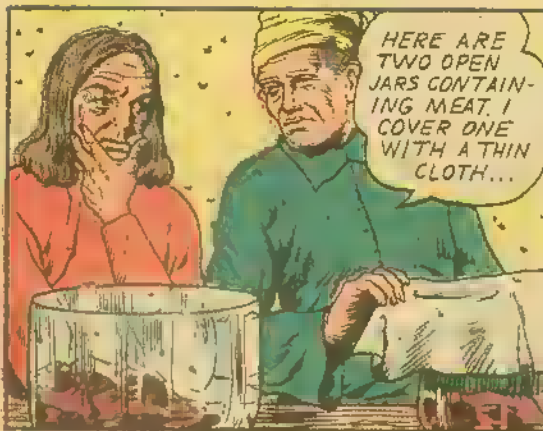
THE STORY OF THE MICROBE

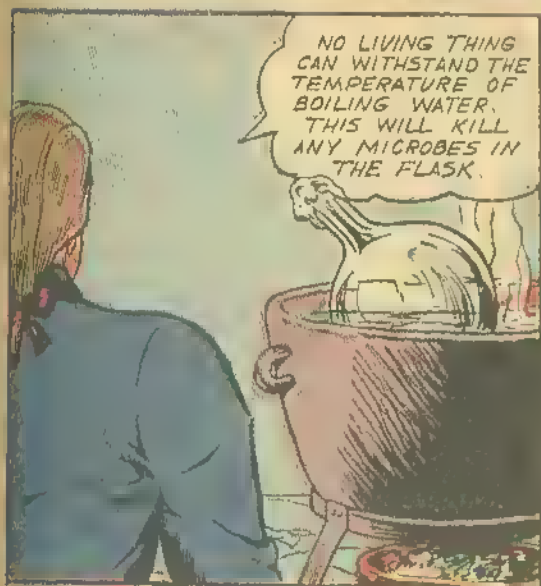
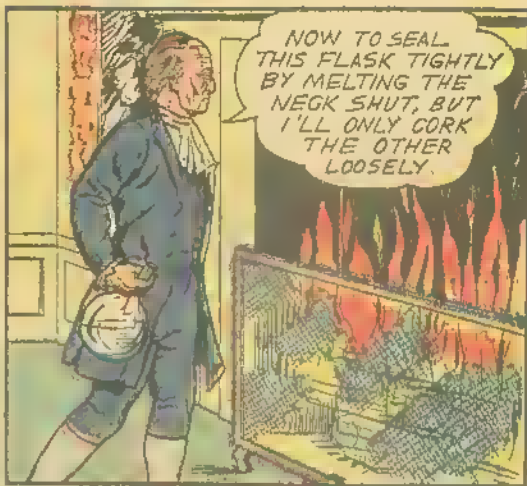


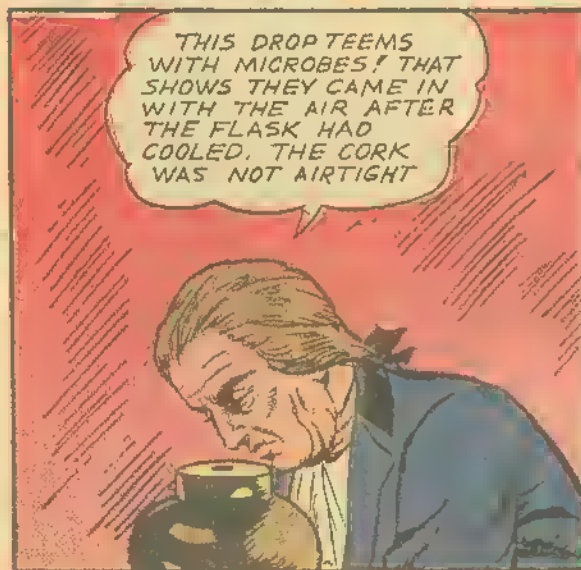
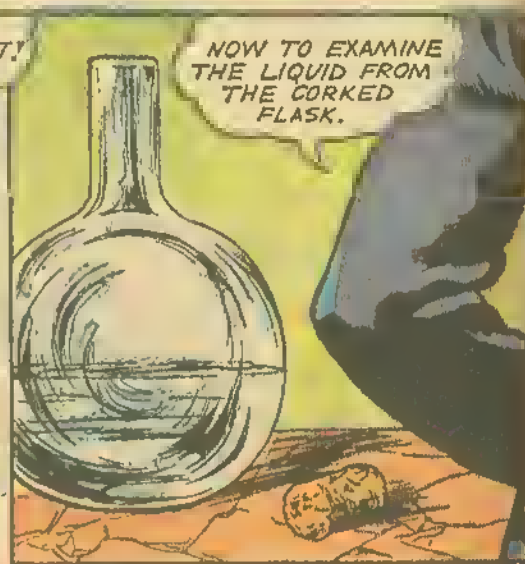
TO DAY IN OUR FIGHT AGAINST DISEASE WE HAVE LEARNED TO USE SUCH MARVELOUS WEAPONS AS PENICILLIN, THE SULFA DRUGS, AND VARIOUS TYPES OF RAYS. IT IS INTERESTING TO TRACE OUR PATH BACKWARD AND SEE HOW WE DISCOVERED WHAT WE NOW KNOW ABOUT THE MICROBE — THE TINY BEING THAT CAUSES OUR DISEASES.







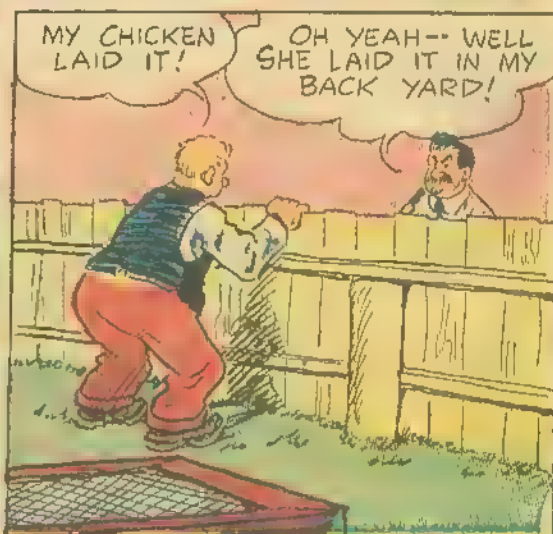
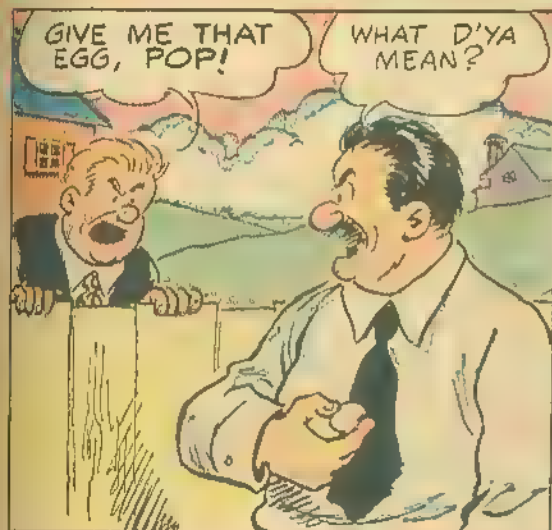


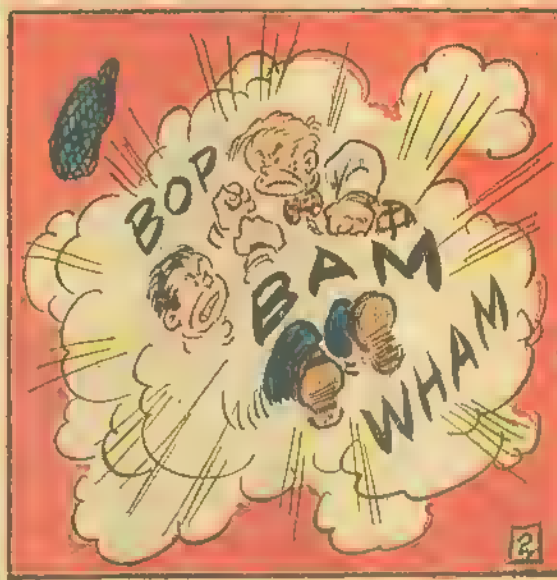
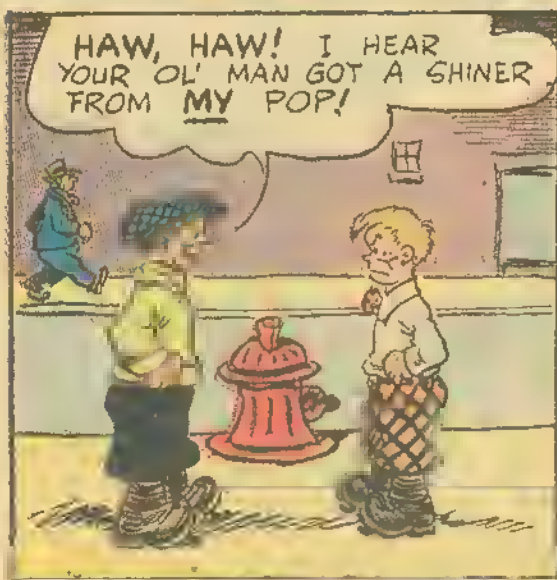
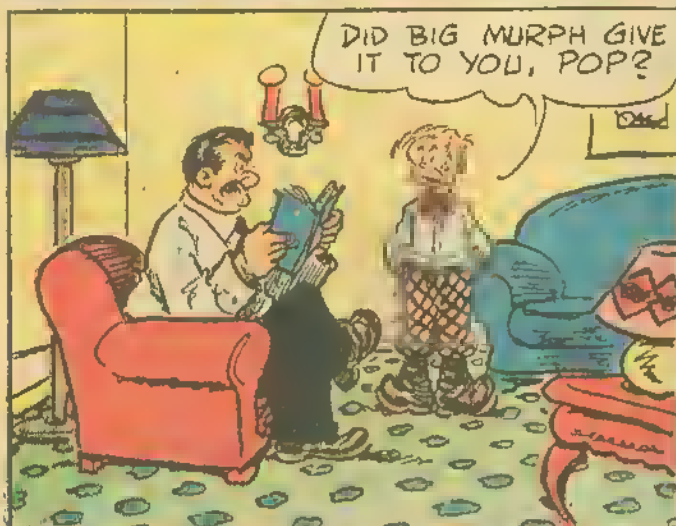
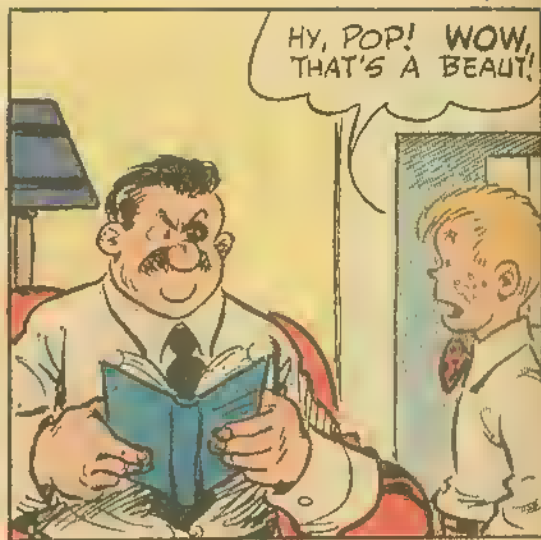
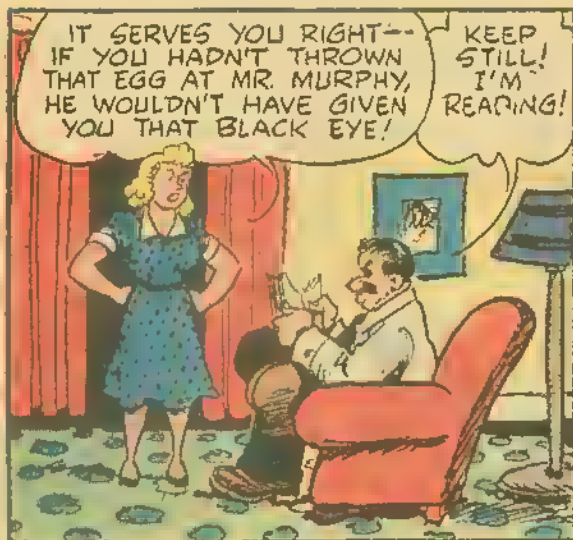


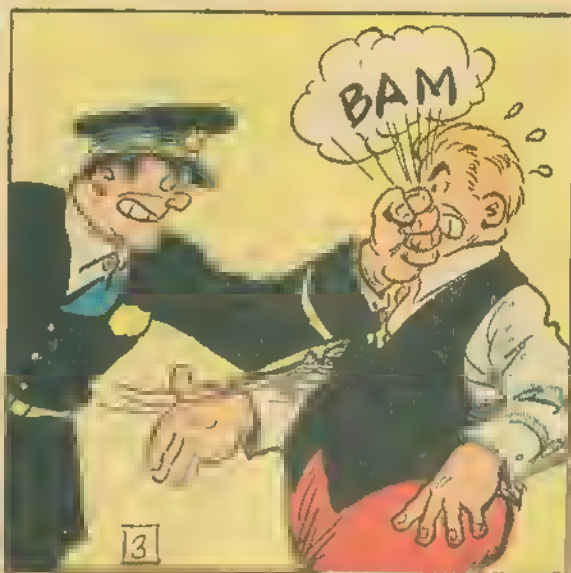
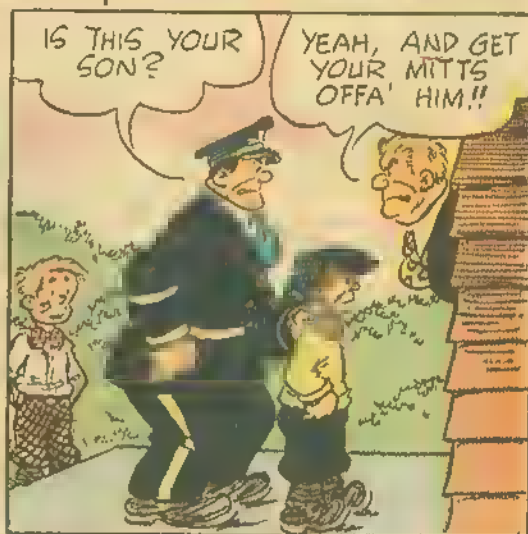
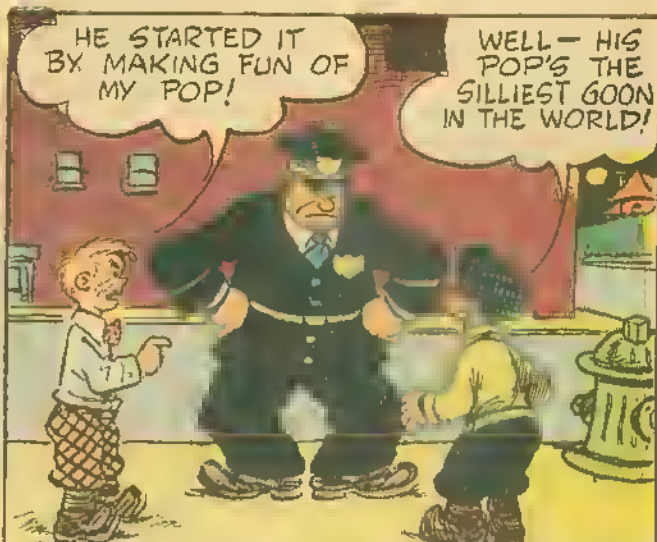
THUS SPALLANZANI PROVED THAT MICROBES CAN BE KILLED BY SUFFICIENT BOILING, AND THAT ONCE KILLED, THEY WILL NOT GROW AGAIN, UNLESS NEW, LIVING ONES CAN FIND THEIR WAY TO THE FOOD SUPPLY.

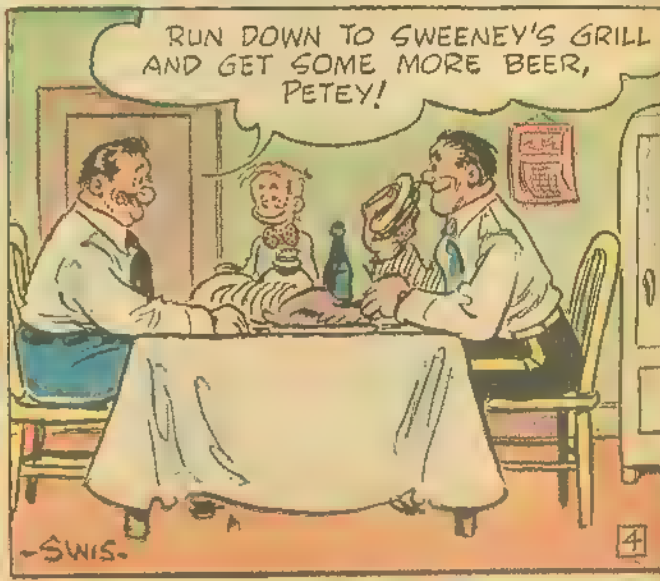
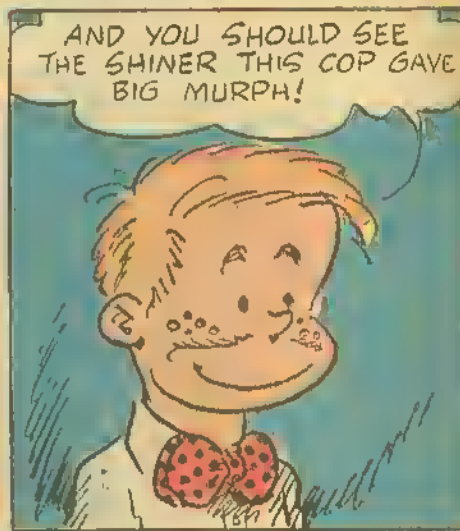
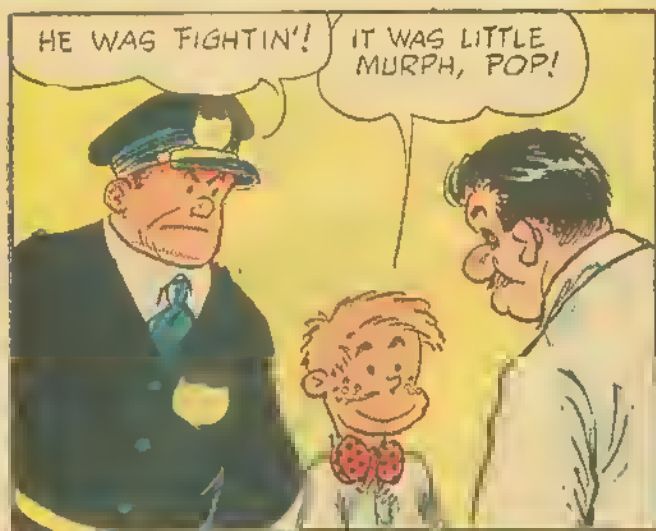
PETEY AND POP

by
-SWIS-

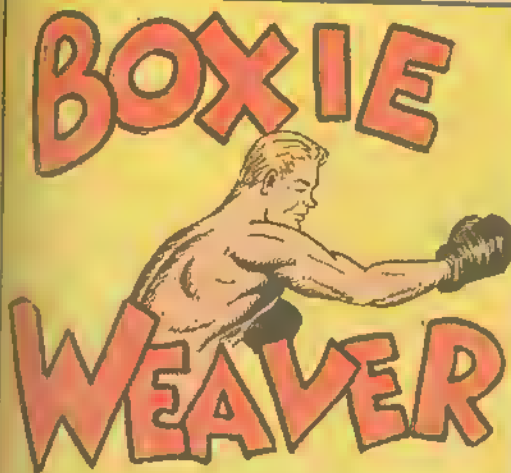
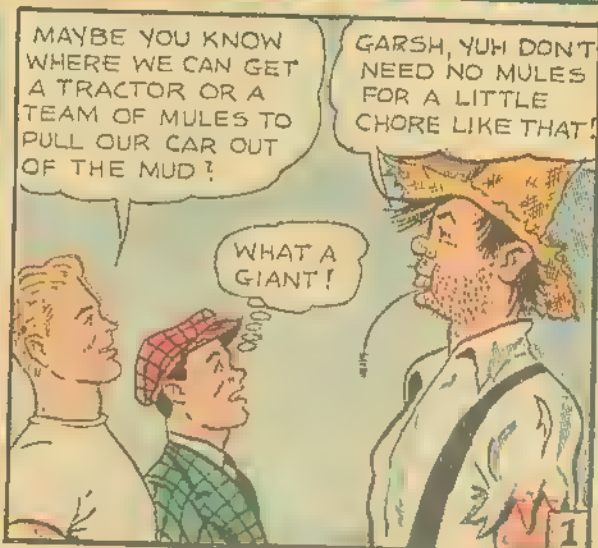
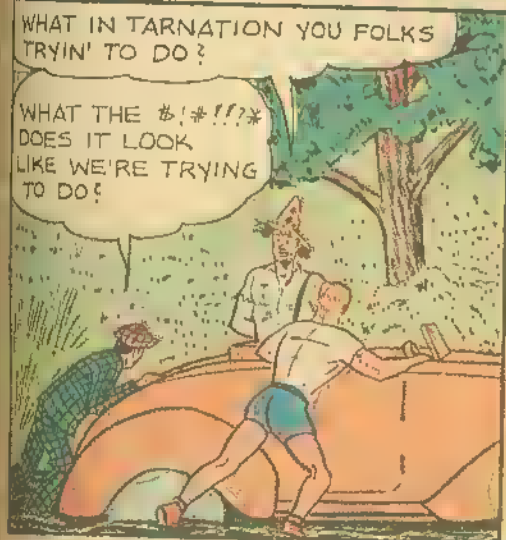
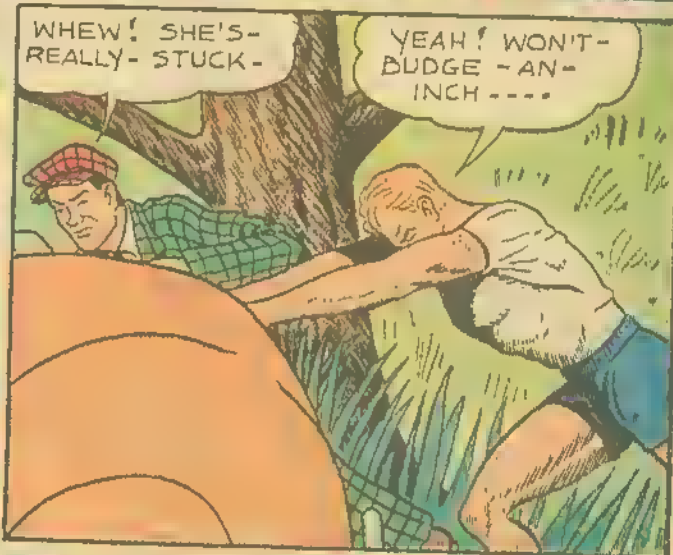
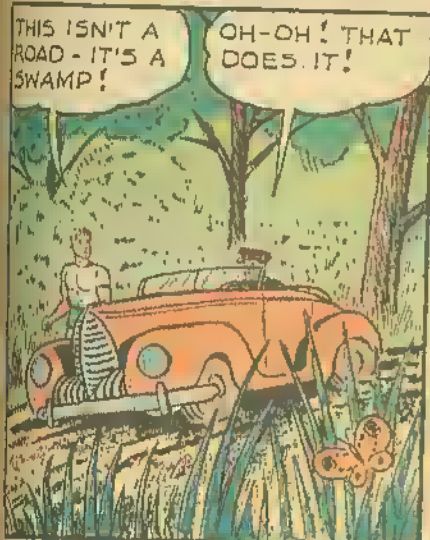








BOXIE WEAVER

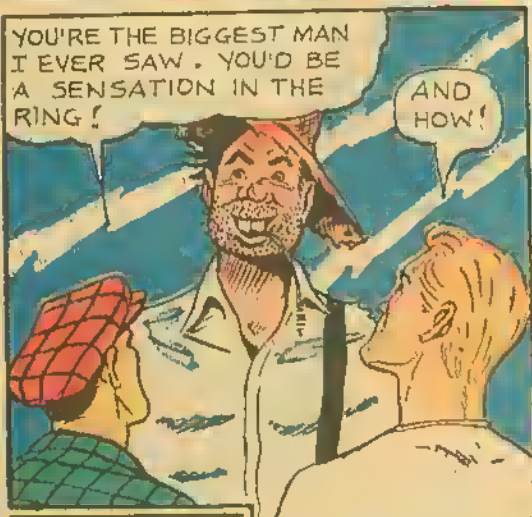
ALL YUH GOT TO DO IS PICK UP THE CAR, AN' LAY SOME PLANKS UNDER THE WHEELS. THAR'S A FEW IN THE DITCH IF YUH'LL FETCH 'EM.



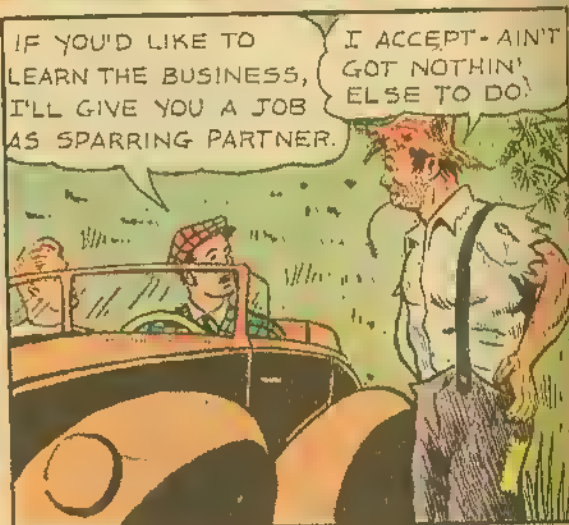
YUH BETTER NOT LET THE SHERIFF CATCH YUH RUNNIN' 'ROUND IN YER UNDERWEAR -- AIN'T YUH GOT NO CLOTHES ?



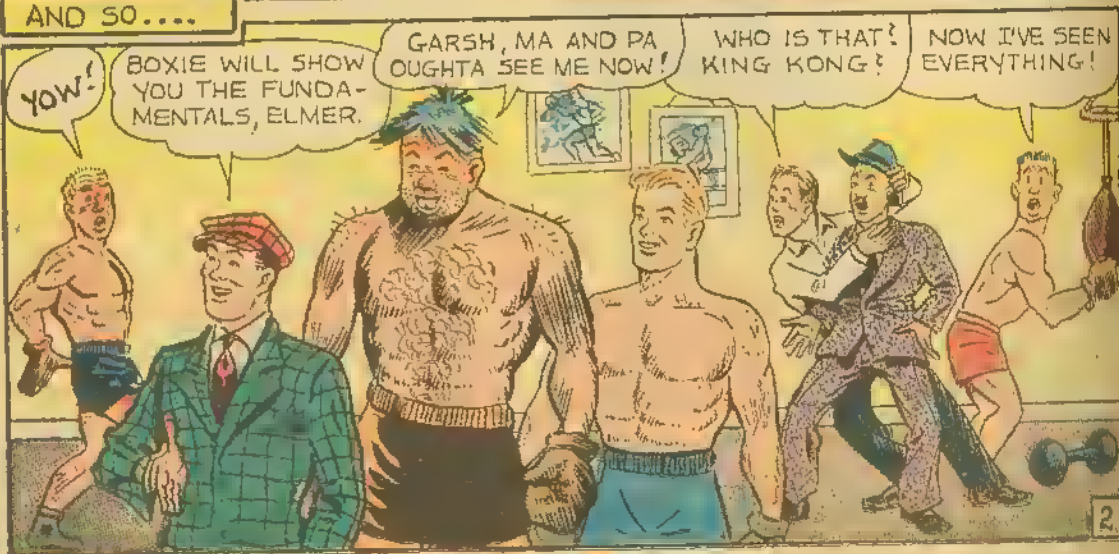
YOU'RE THE BIGGEST MAN I EVER SAW. YOU'D BE A SENSATION IN THE RING!

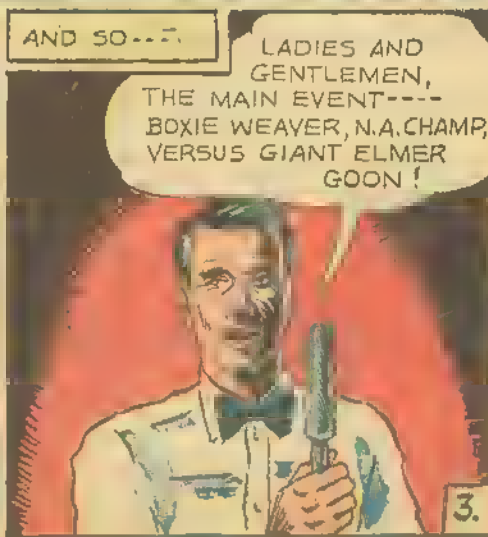
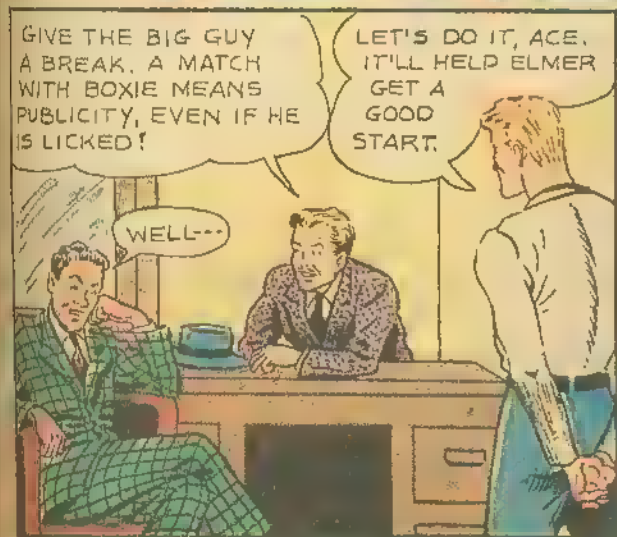
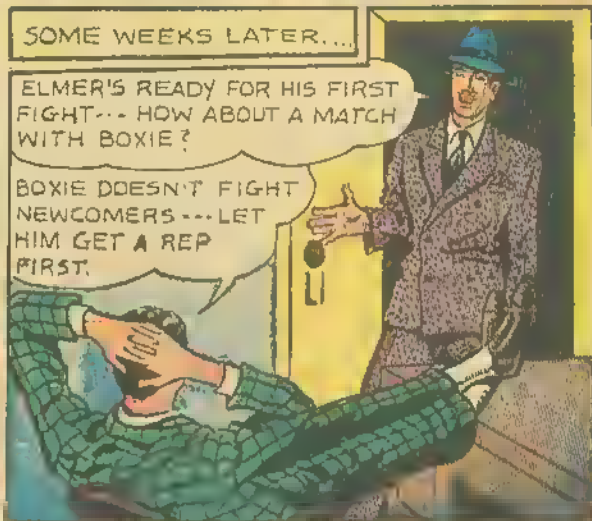
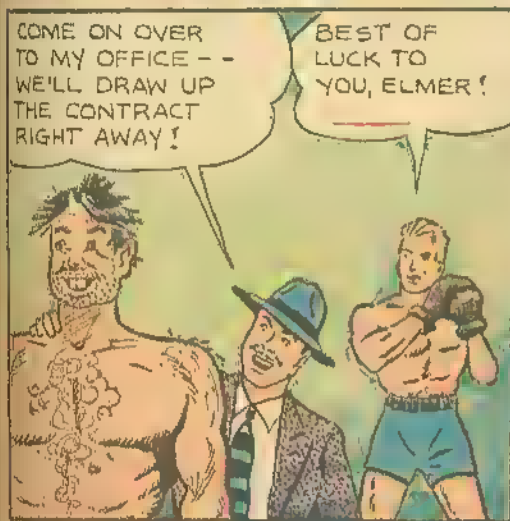
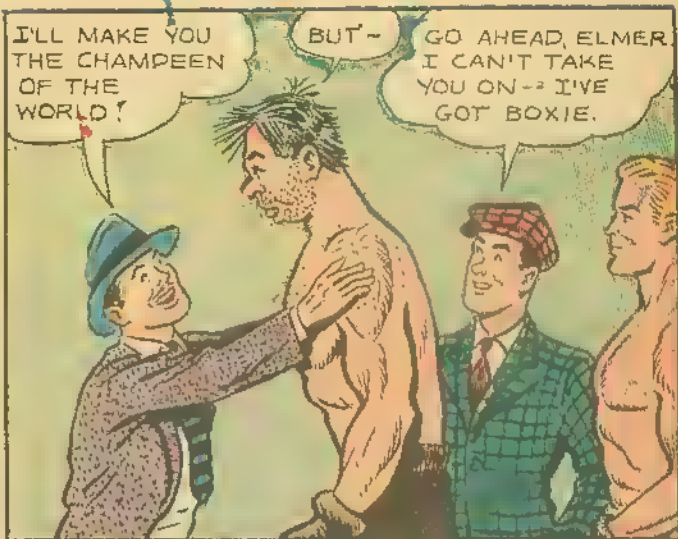


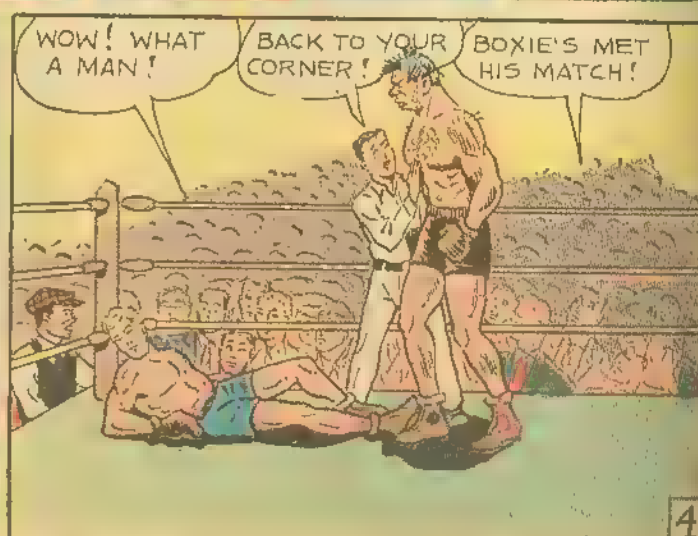
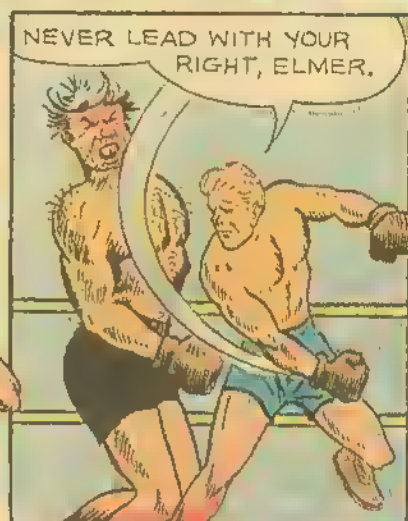
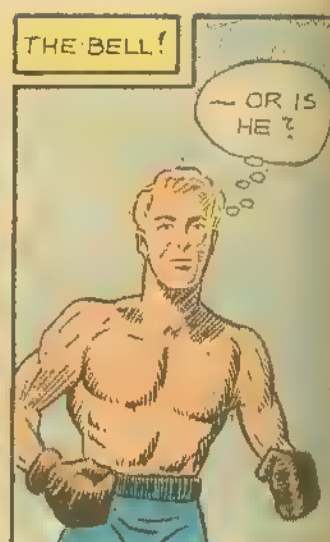
IF YOU'D LIKE TO LEARN THE BUSINESS, I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB AS SPARRING PARTNER.

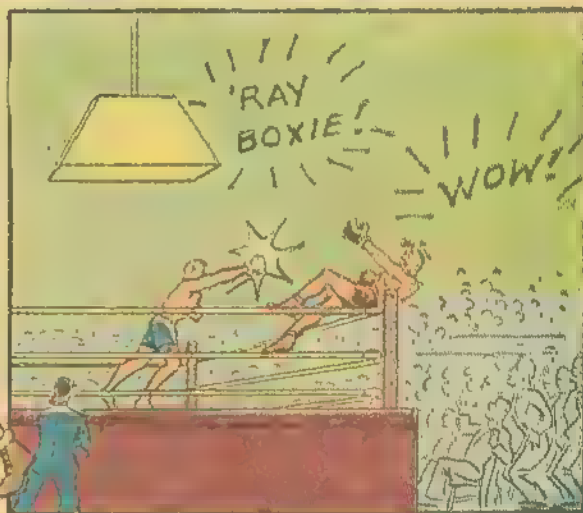
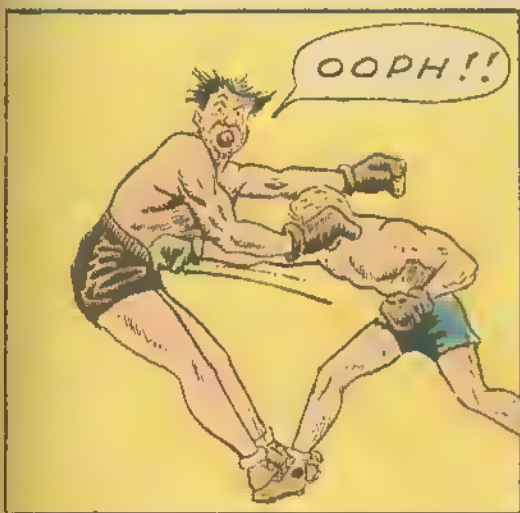
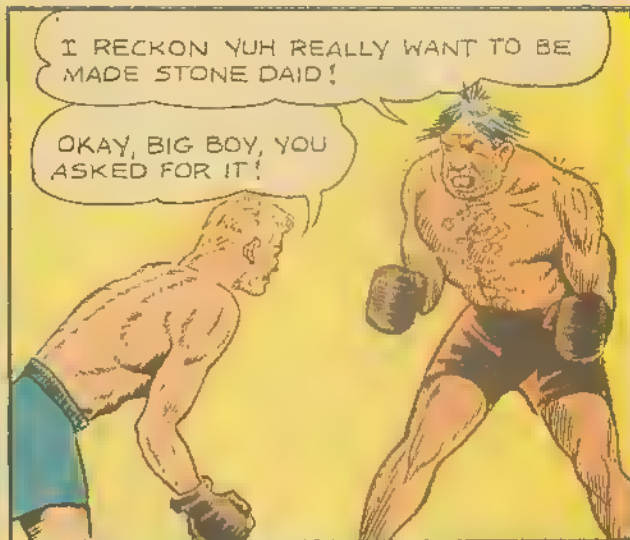
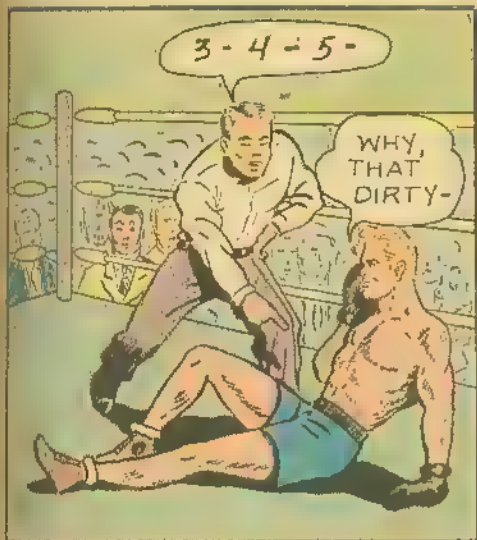


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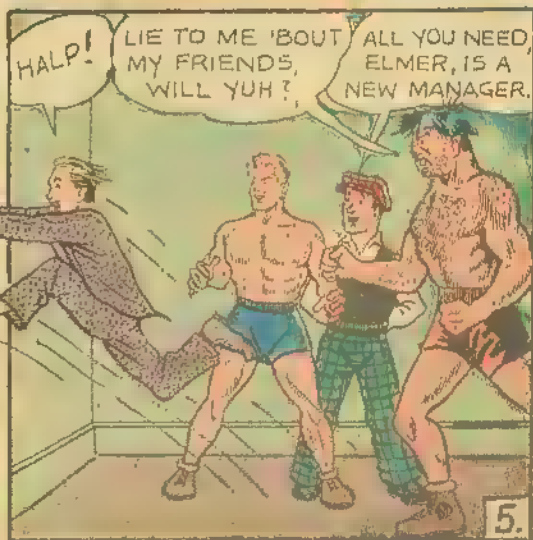
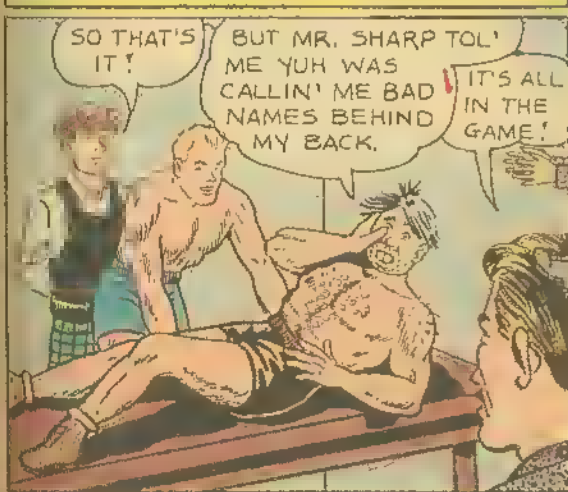




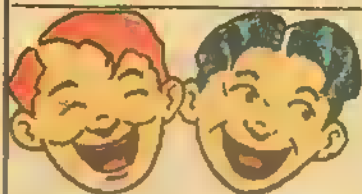




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A BARREL OF FUN!



JOKER FUN KIT

Each of these joker novelties will produce gales of laughter. Amuse your friends and embarrass your enemies. **EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!**

JAY SALES COMPANY

246 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$1.00. Send me our JOKER FUN KIT immediately. Postage free. I can return my order in 5 days for full refund if I am not completely satisfied. No C.O.D. please.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

PEPPER GUN—the more you chew it, the hotter it gets. **IMITATION BED HEADS**—lots of fun. **STINKERS**—for loading cigarettes! they smell terrible. **CHALK DUST**—a perfect imitation of a lit cigar. **FRAMING SHAR**—when victim uses sugar it turns into top of cup. **HILBER POINT PENCIL**—you can write with it but your victim can't. **INVISIBLE INK**—you can write secret letters or code. **HOT TIGHT PICKS**—perfect for dinner jokes. **SHINER**—your victim looks through this miniature telescope and gets a black eye. You get all this for \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. Mail the coupon NOW!



AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!

PRESTO MAGIC KIT

You can perform professional feats of magic! Each trick is easy to master but utterly astounding to the spectator! Every kit contains enough tricks for a complete show.



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

BUDDHA MONEY MYSTERY—coins, bills and small reds change as disappear! enthralls! **SUCKER CARD TRICK**—big surprise for a friend. **HINDU MYSTIC TRICK**—mystifying! **PHANTOM CARDS**—cards disappear from hand, crowd hat or handkerchief. **HINDU BEADS**—three large, brilliant colored beads are taken off a double string after both ends are tied. **WINE AND WATER TRICK**—chemical effect! then apparently changes water to wine and back to water again. **MAGIC HACE GAMES** (5) —at the touch of a magician, six hours are off in a real pace. Lots of fun and excitement! You get everything for only \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. **HURRY**—mail the coupon TODAY!

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BE AN ENTERTAINER!

LEARN TO TAP DANCE! SING! TELL FUNNY STORIES

YOU can develop your talents like famous **RADIO** and **MOVIE STARS!** **THESE SENSATIONAL BOOKS WILL SHOW YOU HOW!**

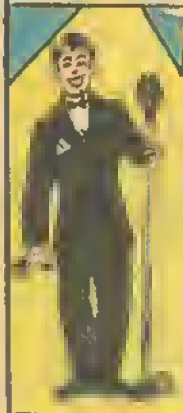
TAP DANCING—This up-to-date 62-page book explains all you need to know, from the fundamentals to the latest routines. Simple pictures and diagrams illustrate every step!

JOE MILLER'S JOKE BOOK—Jokes, Puns, Gags, & Quips! Almost every gag heard over the radio finds its origin in Joe Miller. Belly laughs for every occasion!

DARN FOOL DITTIES—Sing the comedy songs—every one a hit and bound to bring a laugh! Words and music. A riot of fun and melody!

With these books **YOU** can win a reputation as an entertainer! If you have talent, this special offer may place you on the road to popularity and success!

Be admired and envied by all your friends! Money-back guarantee! **DON'T DELAY—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!**



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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

HELL'S ANGELS



YIPPEE! LIKE A HUNGRY HOUSE-WIFE! WE OPENED THAT TIN-CAN! SHE'S SURFACING!

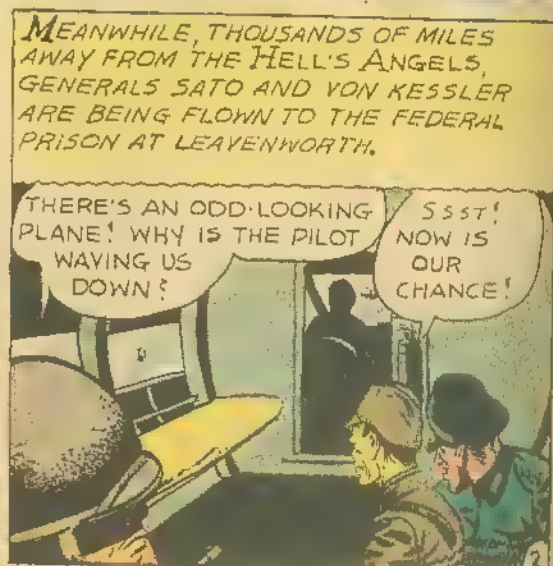
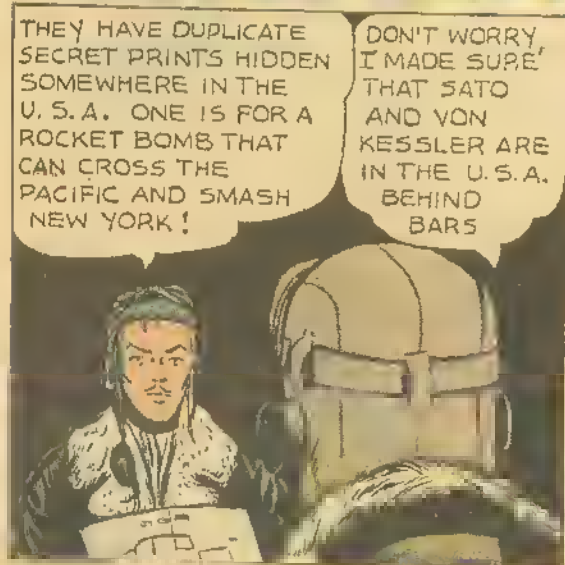
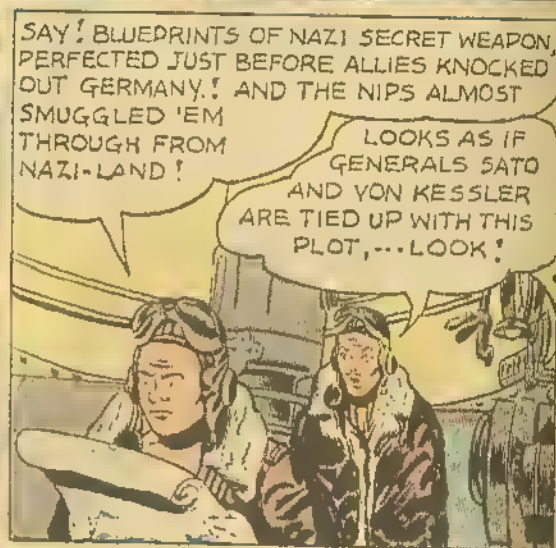
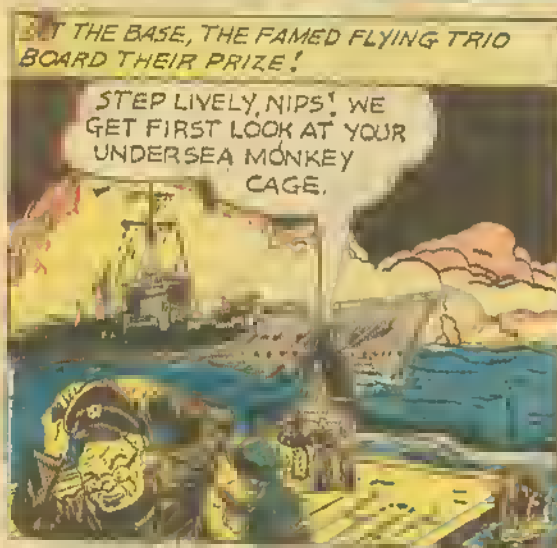
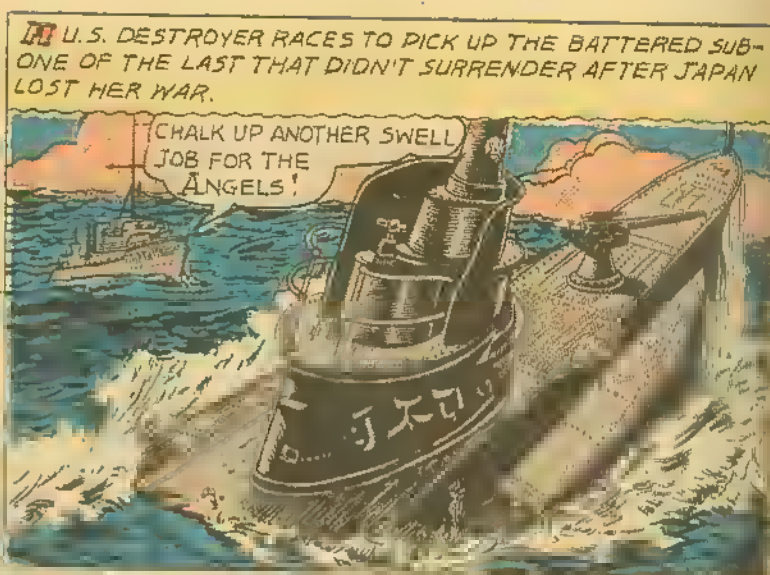
SOME OF THE SECRET EXPLOITS OF THE FAMOUS FLYING HELL'S ANGELS THAT HELPED TO WIN WORLD WAR II CAN NOW BE REVEALED HERE AT LAST!

ALTHOUGH WE HAVE CRUSHED AT LAST THE MIGHT OF JAPAN AND GERMANY, SOME OF THEIR REMAINING EVIL MEN, LED BY SPIES, SATO AND VON KESSLER, CONTINUE TO PLOT A COMEBACK OF REVENGE. WORKING WITH THE UNDERWORLD OF ENEMY COUNTRIES, THEIR DEADLY PLOTS INCLUDE DEVELOPING ATOMIC BOMBS AND THE "SUN GUN" 5,000 MILES UP THE SKY. WITH THESE TERRIBLE SECRET WEAPONS, THEY HOPE TO KNOCK OUT OUR PEACEFUL NATION.

BUT NOT ASLEEP TO THE DANGER OF ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR IS THE U.S.A. ITS ALERT FIGHTERS LIKE HELL'S ANGELS, WHO WERE AMONG THE FIRST FLIERS TO BATTLE JAPAN, RANGE FROM THEIR "JAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS" IN THE FAR EAST TO OUR OWN GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. CONSTANTLY THEY MEET NEW EXCITING-ADVENTURES!



WALTER JOHNSON





HE MEANS BUSINESS!

HE CAN'T BLUFF ME--I'LL RAM HIS WING!



SATO AND VON KESSLER BALED OUT! POUR IT INTO THE TRANSPORT!

MOST CLEVER RESCUE! UNFORTUNATELY OUR OWN PLANE IS DAMAGED.

BUT WE'VE SAFE! WE CAN ESCAPE WITH OUR ROCKET-ATOMIC BOMB PLANS!



AND SO, WHEN GIL REPORTS TO PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS, HE RECEIVES STARTLING NEWS!

RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO THE U.S.A.! SATO AND VON KESSLER ARE ON THE LOOSE! YOU "ANGELS" KNOW THE HABITS OF THESE DANGEROUS DOGGONE RATS! GO GET THEM! AFTER RISKING MY NECK SO MANY TIMES TO GET THEM, THEY ESCAPE AGAIN!

36 HOURS LATER, THE "ANGELS" HAVE FLOWN HALF-WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD!

AH! SMELL THAT GOOD VIRGINIA AIR--ALMOST AS FINE AS TEXAS.

IF IT'S FRAGRANT AIR, WE MUST BE OVER CAPE COO.

NO. YOU'LL SOON BE IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS--THAT'S WHERE SATO AND VON KESSLER DISAPPEARED!



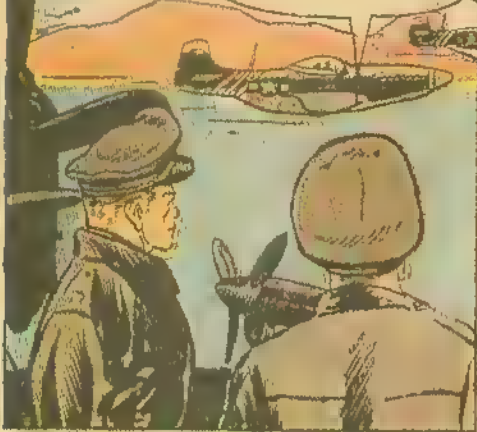
VERY RUGGED HERE FOR LAND-ING FIELDS.

DON'T WORRY, SIR! WE HAVE A HEAVY STAKE IN THIS JOB!



IF SATO AND VON KESSLER SLIP AWAY, THEY WILL TRY TO KILL OUR DEAR ONES IN REVENGE!

AND OUR CITIES WILL BE TARGETS FOR THAT V-3 ROCKET AND DEADLY "SUN GOD" IF THE JAPS AND NAZIS ARE ALLOWED TO ORGANIZE IN THE UNDERGROUND-- EVEN THOUGH WE CRUSHED THEIR GOVERNMENTS.



WE'RE DEEP IN HILL-BILLY COUNTRY! THEY DON'T LIKE STRANGERS, BUT BY KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH OUR WALKY-TALKIES, WE'LL GET ALONG!



HI! SEEN ANY STRANGERS AROUND RECENTLY?

YEP, MANY-- INCLUDING YOU!



SOON, OVER THE GREAT SMOKIES----

LOOKS MIGHTY ROUGH DOWN THERE!

WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH SEPARATELY ON FOOT FOR THE WRECKED PLANE FROM WHICH SATO AND VON KESSLER ESCAPED.



SOON..

AH! NATIVES MAYBE. THEY'VE SEEN OUR OLD ENEMIES.



TWO DANGEROUS SPIES ARE ON THE LOOSE! WE MUST CATCH 'EM!

GIT! WE'RE FIXIN' TO HAVE A TURKEY SHOOTIN' AND WE DON'T WANT NO BOTHER!



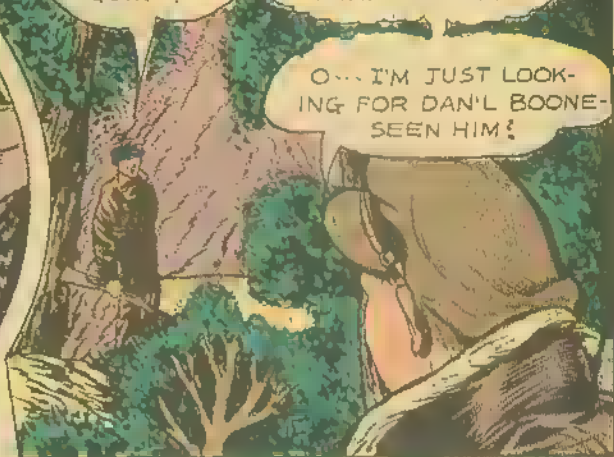
GOSH, THESE MEN DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE DANGER RESULTING FROM THEIR LACK OF COOPERATION, BUT I HAVE NO TIME TO TEACH 'EM OR FIGHT 'EM. I'LL KEEP GOING.



WHERE YA TINK YA GOIN'?

HMMM... IF THAT'S A HILL-BILLY ACCENT, I'M A PURPLE COW!

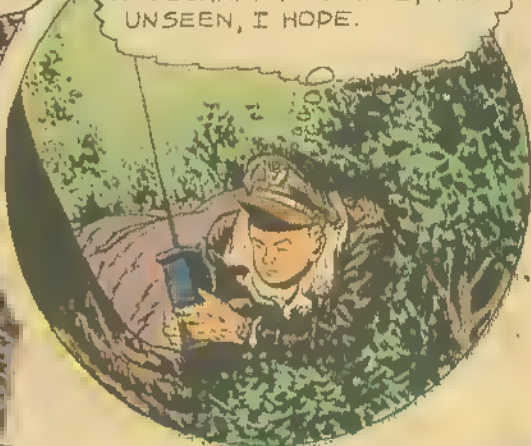
O... I'M JUST LOOKING FOR DAN'L BOONE- SEEN HIM?



DANIEL BOONE? NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

THANKS, CHUM. IF YOU DO SEE HIM, GIVE HIM A HAND --- HE'LL BE PRETTY OLD BY NOW!

HE'S GUARDING SOMETHING... AND OLD EAGLE SCOUT, GIL LITTLE, REMEMBERS ENOUGH WOODCRAFT TO SLIP BY HIM UNSEEN, I HOPE.



HE'S A PHONEY, ALL RIGHT! EVERYBODY IN THESE PARTS KNOWS OF BOONE!

SOON... YIPE! SATO AND VON KESSLER ARE ALMOST READY TO SCRAM!

CLEM! LANK! GIL CALLING... HOP TO IT, LADS, I'VE FOUND THE WEASELS!

SOME AVIATOR WAS ASKING FOR DANIEL BOONE. IS HE HERE?

ACH! DUMMKOPF! HE SAW THROUGH YOUR HILL-BILLY DISGUISE! VE IST SUSPECTED. GET READY TO KILL!



THOUGH WE GREATLY OUTNUMBER DER AMERIKANS, THEY'RE BEATING US, SATO. SOMETHING DESPERATE WE MUST DO!



TOGETHER, VON KESSLER, WE SHOOT PRISON GAS SHELLS AT THE PALE FACES.

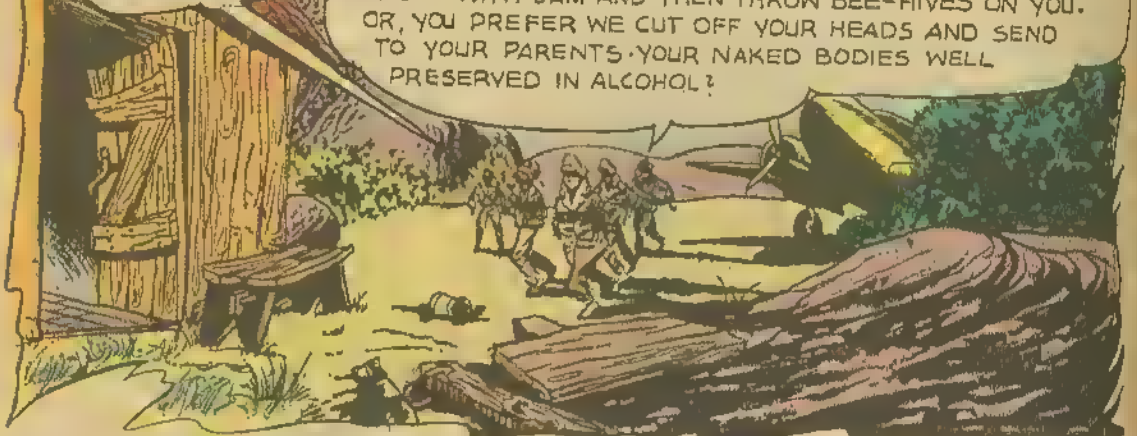
OH, THE UNEXPECTED GAS! IT'S SHOCKING ME TO DEATH!

IT'S HORRIBLE STUFF. BUT LET'S DIE FIGHTING! RIGHT OH-H-H!



NOW THAT WE GOT THE ANGELS HELPLESS, LET'S PUT THEM THRU HONORABLE JAPANESE "MARCH OF DEATH".

BETTER WE TRY OUT MORE SCIENTIFIC GERMAN TORTURES, WHICH HAVE KILLED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. SORRY WE HAVEN'T HERE OUR NAZI "DEVILS' FURNACES" OR GAS MURDER VANS. BUT WE CAN TREAT YOU AMERIKANS WITH OUR "SWEET ONE". WE TIE YOU TO STAKES, COVER YOUR FACES WITH JAM AND THEN THROW BEE-HIVES ON YOU. OR, YOU PREFER WE CUT OFF YOUR HEADS AND SEND TO YOUR PARENTS YOUR NAKED BODIES WELL PRESERVED IN ALCOHOL?



ACH, YOU'LL LIKE BETTER SLOWER DEATH IN THESE HOLES OF MUD. SOON YOU WILL SINK UP TO YOUR MOUTHS. THEN YOU MUST STAND ON YOUR TIP-TOES FOR HOURS OR MUD WILL COVER YOUR NOSES, TOO. BUT IN THE END, YOU'LL SINK OVER YOUR HEADS.

BEFORE MY MOUTH IS COVERED, MAY I SAY YOU ARE A GREAT SPORTSMAN!



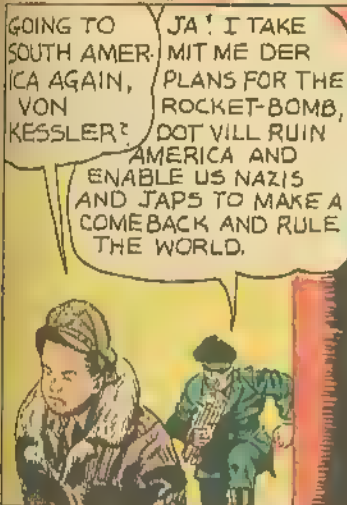
SURE, NOW THAT WE ARE ON TOP, WE'LL SHOW YOU SPORTSMANSHIP. NEXT WE WILL KIDNAP YOUR PET LITTLE SISTER WHO WILL END UP SHOCKED IN YOUR OWN MUD HOLE.

THAT WOULD BE FRIGHTENING. BUT I ASSURE YOU OUR PALS WOULD HUNT YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD AND AVENGE US.



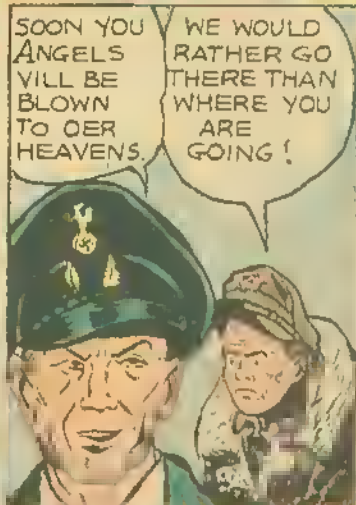


OUR PLANE ALMOST READY, SO CAN'T WAIT FOR SLOW MUD DEATH. INSTEAD, I FIXED THIS OLD STILL LEFT BY MOONSHINERS SO DER ALCOHOL VAPOR WILL EXPLODE IT---AND DER ANGELS MIT IT!



GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA AGAIN, VON KESSLER?

JA! I TAKE MIT ME DER PLANS FOR THE ROCKET-BOMB, DOT VILL RUIN AMERICA AND ENABLE US NAZIS AND JAPS TO MAKE A COMEBACK AND RULE THE WORLD.



SOON YOU ANGELS VILL BE BLOWN TO OER HEAVENS.

WE WOULD RATHER GO THERE THAN WHERE YOU ARE GOING!



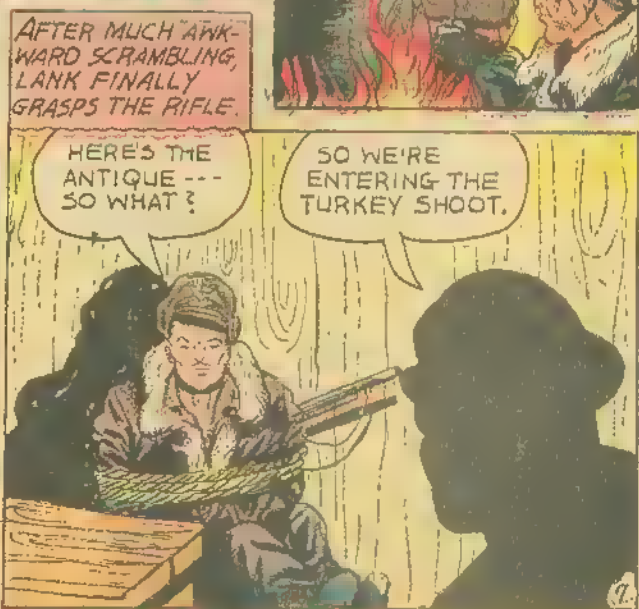
SOON... THE RATS ARE BOARDING THE PLANE.

AND THOSE DOGGONE HILL-BILLIES ARE STARTING THEIR TURKEY SHOOTING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY. IF ONLY THEY COULD HEAR US! THEY'LL NOT ONLY HEAR THE STILL BLOW UP BUT ALSO US WITH IT.



SAY, LANK! WORM THAT GIRAFFE-LIKE CARCASS OF YOURS TOWARD THAT OLD KENTUCKY LONG-RIFLE.

OKAY, GIL, BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR GAMES.



AFTER MUCH AWKWARD SCRAMBLING, LANK FINALLY GRASPS THE RIFLE.

HERE'S THE ANTIQUE --- SO WHAT?

SO WE'RE ENTERING THE TURKEY SHOOT.

SEE ? ALONE, WE'RE
BOUND AND HELPLESS.
WORKING TOGETHER
WE CAN LOAD, AIM, AND
FIRE IT-- AND MAYBE
WAKE UP THOSE
HILL-BILLIES !



THE ANGELS PROVE THEY'RE
EXPERTS AT COOPERATION AS
WELL AS IN INDIVIDUAL BATTLE !

UP A LITTLE
MORE, CLEM---
JUST A LITTLE
MORE TO THE
RIGHT.

THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME I PULLED
A TRIGGER
WITHOUT EVEN
SEEING THE
RIFLE.

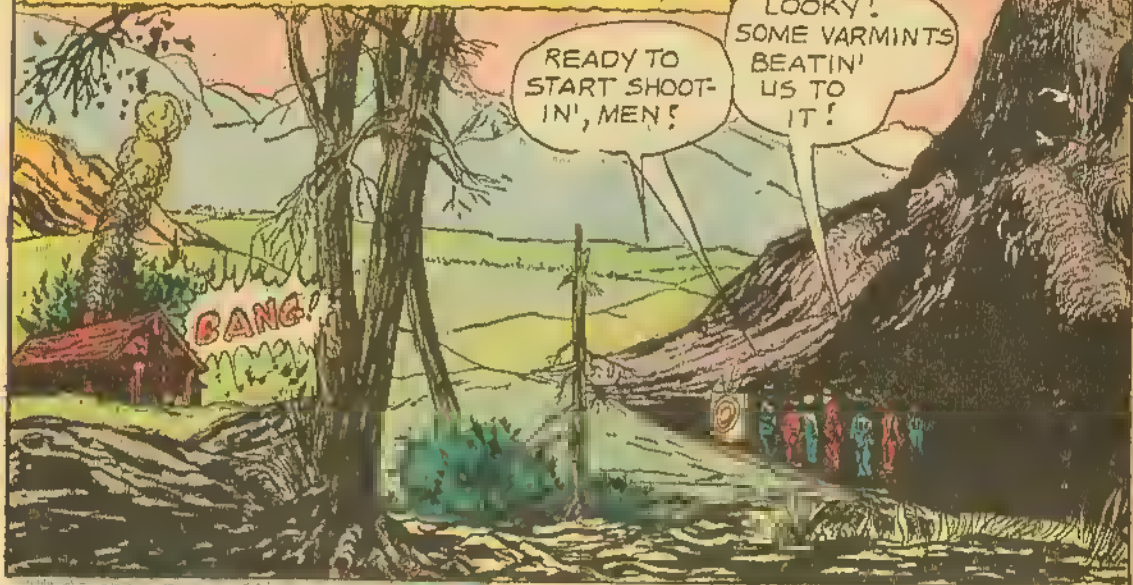


HOLD STEADY!
THAT'S IT---
FIRE !

BANG!



THE SHOT CARRIES TRUE ACROSS THE VALLEY !



READY TO
START SHOOT-
IN', MEN !

LOOKY !
SOME VARMINTS
BEATIN'
US TO
IT !

BANG!

HMPH !

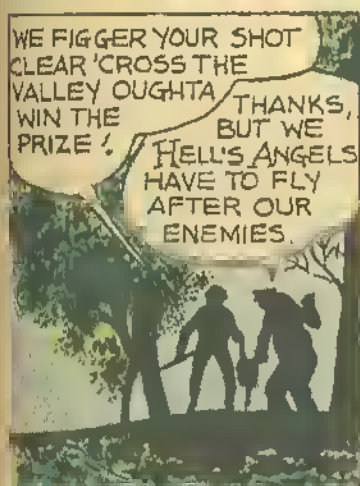
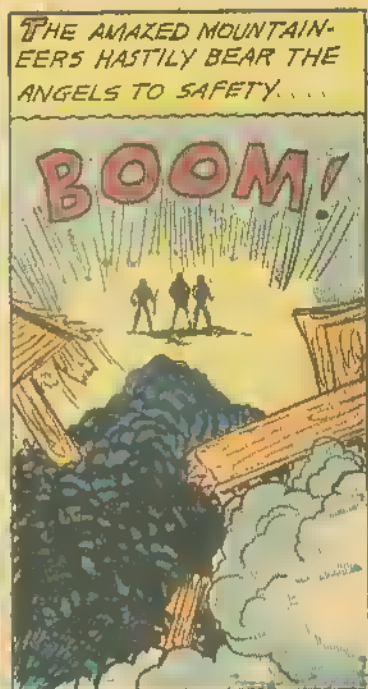
RIFLE SMOKE'S A-
CURLIN' FROM ROCKY
MOE'S OLD STILL-CABIN.
LET'S GET THE CUSS'D
POLECAT !



YIPE ! THE SEAMS ARE
BULGING ON THIS PLUMBER'S
NIGHT-MARE . IF THOSE
MOUNTAINEERS DIDN'T
GET HER, WE'RE DONE
FOR !

SATO'S
PLANE
IS TAKING
OFF !





GIL'S DAREDEVIL FLYING TERRIFIES THE ENEMY!

HE'S
IN A SPOT
WHERE WE CAN'T
USE OUR
GUNS.

HIMMEL!
DER MAO MAN
VILL KILL
US ALL!

I'M GONNA LAND
BEFORE HE
CRACKS
US UP.

COWARD!

NICE FLYING, GIL!
WE GOT THEM TRAPPED
NOW!

STEP LIVELY,
WORMS! UNCLE
SAM WANTS
TO SEE
YOU.

HA! YOU
NEVER
CAPTURE
ME
AGAIN!
I KILL!

WRONG
AGAIN,
SATO!

AHH!

CRACK!

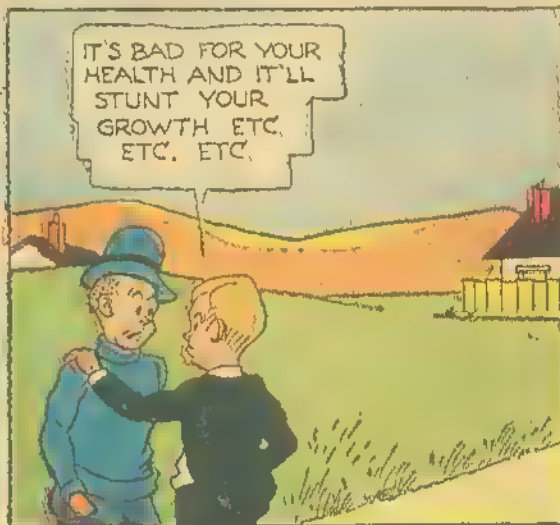
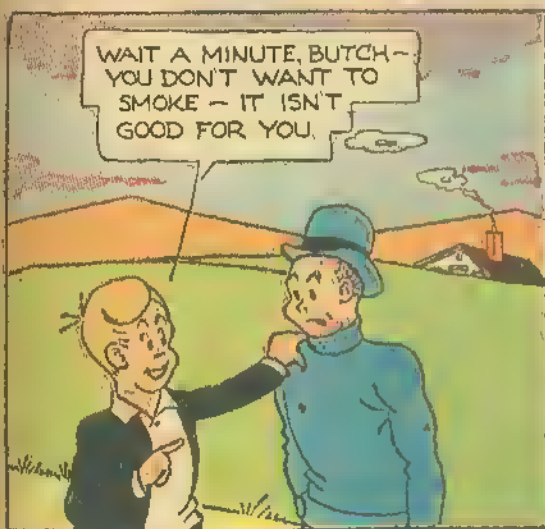
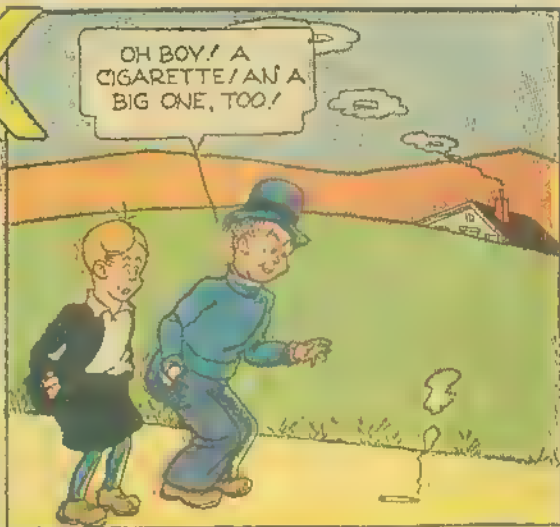
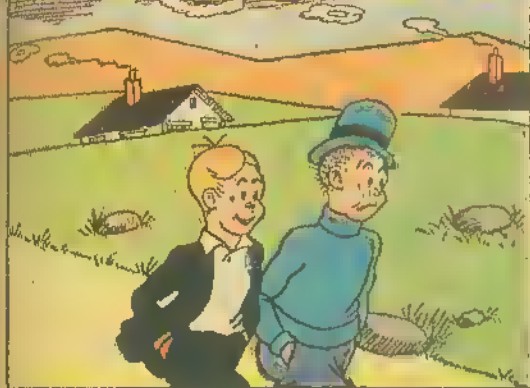
LATER, AFTER SATO AND YON KESSLER ARE
SAFE IN PRISON ----

YIPPEE! WE
ALL GOT FUR-
LOUGHS! WE
CAN SEE
GOOO OLD
LIGHTS
AGAIN!

SWELL!
BUT IT'S THE
PLAINS OF
TEXAS
FOR
ME.

CAPE COD HERE I
COME! TWO WEEKS
OF BAKEO
BEANS AND
COUNTRY
LASSIES!

CHUCK



SPEAKING FOR AMERICA



"America became great by being a secure haven for freedom of thought and action. We prove conclusively that people of every race and every creed can dwell together in harmony. Into the plain word AMERICAN is fused all the ideals, hopes, inspiration and faith of our people."

Harry Truman

• WHY BE FAT?

REDUCE

the lazy way

NO EXERCISE! NO LAXATIVES!

LOSE 8 to 10 LBS. A MONTH!

Slim down to your own lovely figure!

Just follow simple scientific directions of Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan. Six to eight weeks from now, look in mirror and see the amazing difference.

Given with order:

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